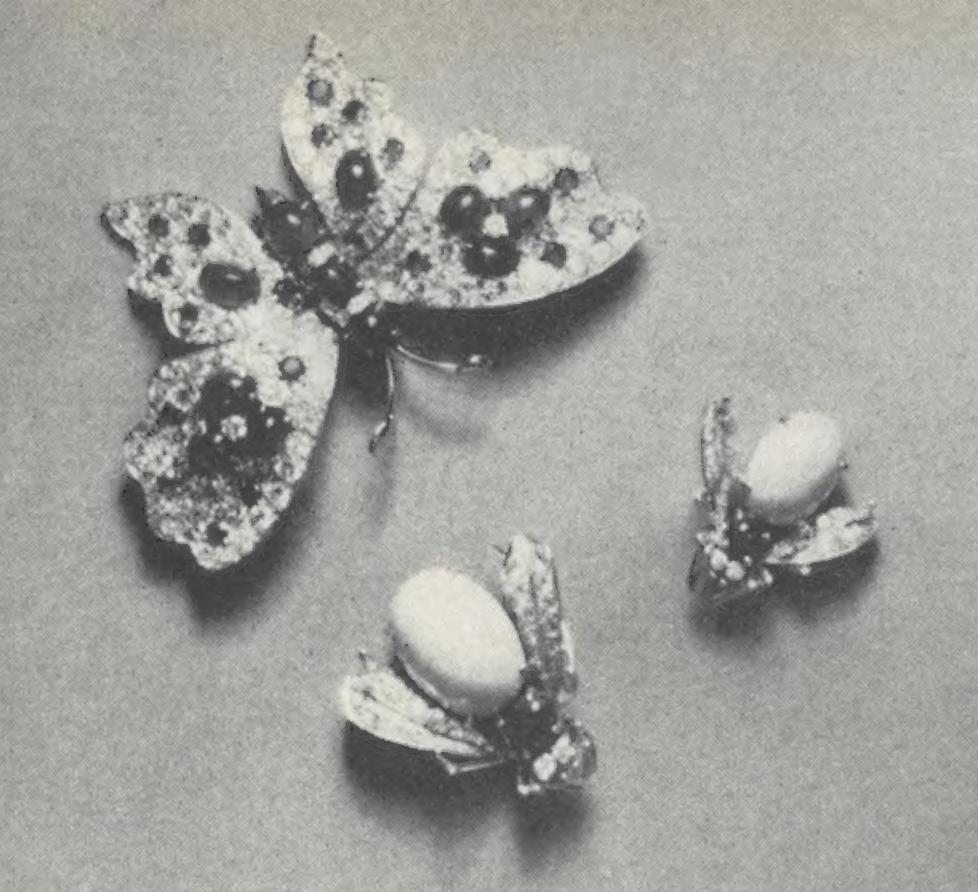


Bergdorf's on See-Through: cotton lace, chalky and curvey, trailing a glory scarf of silk chiffon. By Eric de Juan, made to order. Custom Salon, Second Floor.

ON THE PLAZA. NEW YORK BERGDORF GOODMAN STH AVE., 57 TO SETH STREETS



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MARCH 15, 1969 INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



Shrimpton in layers of little boleros, loops of scarfs and rope, purple jersey pants paufied at the knee—one of the nifty new ways to invent your own look with separates and accessories (more, starting page 54). All by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Scarfs: Sant'Angelo for Sally Gee. For stores and details, see page 56.

Putting a face together in the most

... Putting a face together in the most delicious way: a warm glow of Pink Midi Blush on the cheeks; a gleam of Brittania Mauve Lip Slicker on the mouth. And hair shined-up bright with Londonderry Hair Shiner. All by Yardley. Ara Gallant coiffure.

PENATI

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Vogue's School and Camp Directory

Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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In only two weeks Dior's Crème Abricot builds your weak, chipped, brittle, broken nails into strong, long, beautiful, gorgeous nails.

And it only takes 20 seconds a night.

Simply spread a small dab of this nourishing cream over the nail; massage lightly.

Natural protein and keratin (that's what nails are made of) penetrate deep down into the nail bed itself.

And immediately your nails start getting stronger and stronger and stronger.

Crème Abricot by Dior. 3.50.



VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Upping the anti

Stakes run high in the skin game but there's just so much protection a girl can zip into her parka pocket and none, but none, into her bikini. Bonne Bell—those experts in the combat area—must have had this thought in mind when they repackaged their now famous anti-blemish Medicated Make-up in a discreet little tube and added their own something special in the way of sun shunners. (All this in some new, darker skin shades, too.) Result: a double-dealing makeup base that puts you way ahead of the game. If that's what upping the anti means, we're all for it.

Members of the firm

Unless the law of gravity is repealed at once, one can not doze off for an instant in the struggle against sag. Sag begins the day one leaves nursery school, but it doesn't cause much of a whimper until some brute tells you you look tired. Well, dry your tears and make for the telephone which will speed a Viviane Woodard representative to your house, bearing aid. The newest Woodard cause for pride is the Primeval Ultra-Facial, which comes in two parts: Part One is the Primeval Flowing Masque—a marvellously rich-with-protein item with the consistency of clotted cream. It dries quickly, and rinses off leaving you with a post glow. Part Two is Primeval Firming Lotion, also loaded with protein, as well as with other smoothing benevolents to keep your skin fresh under makeup. This routine, twice a week, is what the Woodard specialists consider a firm schedule.

Permanent attraction

If the very mention of hair causes you to cringe, it is probably because, from the scalp up, you lack the Body Beautiful. Body brings swirl, curve, swing. Body, thanks to Toni's new Scatter Perm, is more putable-in than ever before. This should be good news even to you fearfuls who are convinced that permanent waving will send you out into the world looking like an escarole. With Toni's gloriously simple, athome setup, you put the shapers (newer than curlers) exactly where they are needed, leaving the rest of your hair permless. The shapers come in three sensible sizes. You wind them, dry, into your hair, put on lotion, test for the right curl-consistency, apply Finalizer, rinse and set your newly cooperative hair. There are twenty-three eminently copyable hairdos in the styling booklet, should you be weary of the (More Ready Beauty, page 30.) same old you.

In The Tanner Manner



ALLENTOWN, Nan Carlby BIRMINGHAM, The Clothes Horse BURLINGTON, Ski Shop CHAMPAIGN, ILL., Gibson Shop CHARLESTON, Stone & Thomas CLARKSBURG, W. VA., Stone & Thomas CLAYTON, MO., Helen Wolff

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., Window Shop COLUMBIA, MO., Harzfeld's DARIEN, Margo Moore DAVENPORT, IOWA, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur, Inc. DELRAY BEACH, FLA., Frances Brewster DES MOINES,

Younker Bros. - French Room FT. DODGE, IOWA,

The Hollywood Style Shop
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FAIRMONT, W. VA., Jones Shops
FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y., Ellen's
GARDINER, ME., Margaret Smith
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HAMDEN, CONN., Richard Thomas
HARRISBURG, PA.,
The Junior Dress Shop
HARTFORD, Lucy Baltzell

The Junior Dress Shop
HARTFORD, Lucy Baltzell
HAVERFORD, PA., Natalie Collett
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., The Little Shop
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LATHAM, N. Y., Country Miss
LEXINGTON, Embry & Co.
LINCOLN, NEB., Miller & Paine
LOUISVILLE, Tweed & Tartan
LOWELL, MASS., House of Erwin
MANCHESTER, VT., Southwick's
MEMPHIS, Minor-Frances
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Kassel Stores
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MILWAUKEE, Peg Bradley
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MONTCLAIR, Frederick's MONTCLAIR, Frederick's MONTGOMERY, Miller's MORRISTOWN, Anson Newton NASHVILLE, Grace's NEW HAVEN, Rose-Gilbert NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Linda's
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OLD MYSTIC, House of 1833
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Or for the store in your city write: Tanner of North Carolina 530 Seventh Avenue New York, N. Y. 10018

In The Tanner Manner

Fair and warmer fashions ready to take flight or relax in a hammock. Left: the side-paneled shift with front-buttoned self-belt. In drip dry Dacron and flax, in blue, green and yellow, about \$40. Right: the easy-going shift in a fishtail palm print. In pink or blue, drip dry Kodel® and cotton, about \$36. Both in sizes 8 to 18.



Abercrombie & Fitch, New York City and branches/R. H. Stearns, Boston/Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati/Halle Bros., Cleveland B. Siegel, Detroit/L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis/John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018. For a full listing of stores carrying these and other Tanner fashions, see the column on the opposite page.







THE JAEGER COMPANY, 430 PARK AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10022





To be some body you need a bra slip that's designed for the look of clothes today, and who could know more about that than Emilio Pucci? Gently underwired for a rounded bosom and sleek as can be. In pink or blue Raffaello print. Number 4466. A, B, C 32-36. \$18. By Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers.

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Yes, Pantene is expensive. But luxurious hair isn't a luxury. It's a necessity.









GOLO shoe of CORFAM, about \$23. Available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Hudson's, Detroit; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis; Hartzfeld's, Kansas City; Robinson's, California.





Your ritual of the bath.

Billowing, milk-rich bubbles to float in.

Elegant, body-loving oils to sleek down every inch of you.

A drifting cloud of fragrance to carry along as a souvenir.

Marvelous.

We supply these nice things for your bath. All you do is add as much precious quiet time

as you can spare.







The Herbessence Bath Collection Helena Rubinstein

From the Herbessence Bath Collection: Foaming Milk Bath, Body Smooth, Dusting Powder, Perfume and Bath Oil.



Do you think anyone considers a woman's shorter reach when designing GM instrument panels?

Fisher Body does.

That's why you see GM Stylist Joan Gatewood establishing 35 important reference points for instrument panels on the special unit pictured above. Then she tries them out on at least 25 different-sized people to make sure even the smallest drivers can reach all the essential controls from windshield wiper activators to defroster buttons.

As a professional stylist, Joan knows how important human dimensions are to her designs. What's more, because she's a woman, she pays particular attention to such things as control knobs that are shaped to accommodate longer fingernails. And, knowing how confining bulky suits and tight-waisted dresses can be,

she concentrates on designing instrument panels that practically hand you every control and switch, no matter what you're wearing!

Joan's skillful woman's touches are important reasons why so much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.



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EVAN PICONE does. So this is the way for you to look right, right now. Look sporty—sort of 1940's with a great gabardine—made of Avril® rayon and Avlin® polyester. Made into Evan Picone's marvelous contrasting waistcoat and pants suit.

It comes with an Evan Picone shirt of Cameo's 100% Avisco® rayon.

RICHELIEU FABRICS' gabardine is 65 % Avril rayon/35 % Avlin polyester Pants and waistcoat come in white, grey, beige, navy, blue, brown, and black Waistcoat, about \$30. Pants, about \$19. Shirt, about \$16. Sizes 6-18. Available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Rich's, Atlanta; Marshall Field, Chicago; Hudson's, Detroit; Foley's, Houston; J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; Evan Picone in Canada, 24 Mount Royal, West Montreal.

AVISCO FIBERS





he is a tiny woman with a charming smile and a throaty, catchy laugh. She speaks five languages, switching from one to another with casual fluency.

She loves good food and music and paintings and people; she is on a first-name basis with many of the world's most beautiful women. (In the picture at left, she is shown with her good friend and client, Princess Luciana Pignatelli.)

International film stars, opera stars, Roman socialites—they all know the address of her salon by heart. And when America's most famous beauties visit Rome, they too head for 116 Via Veneto as soon as they've unpacked.

She is an international phenomenon. She is Eve of Roma.

"As a child, I had an Ugly Complex because my sister was so beautiful. And then I made up my mind that I would be beautiful, too.

"Ifelt drab, so I studied color, and learned to paint. (Today, she probably knows more about the nuances of color and how to turn them into wonderful cosmetics than any other living woman.)

"I soon learned that all beauty begins with the skin, so I studied that. (Her skincare preparations are different from any you have ever used. They do not smother the skin; they hydrate it.)

"And then came my salon in Roma and my salon in Cortina. And, now, I am coming to America—how exciting!"

And how exciting for you when you first discover Eve of Roma products. The lotions and emulsions—much more delicate than any you have used. The marvelous masques. The cosmetics—most of them inspired by the soft, luminous colors of Rome.

Where will you find Eve of Roma products? Only in the best stores, such as Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, and Rich's.



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Face cream for your body. Rich in silky moisturizers to smooth and soften every precious inch of you. To treat you tenderly. And surround you in a softly clinging cloud of fragrance. \$5.

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Chantilly by Houbigant.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT March 15

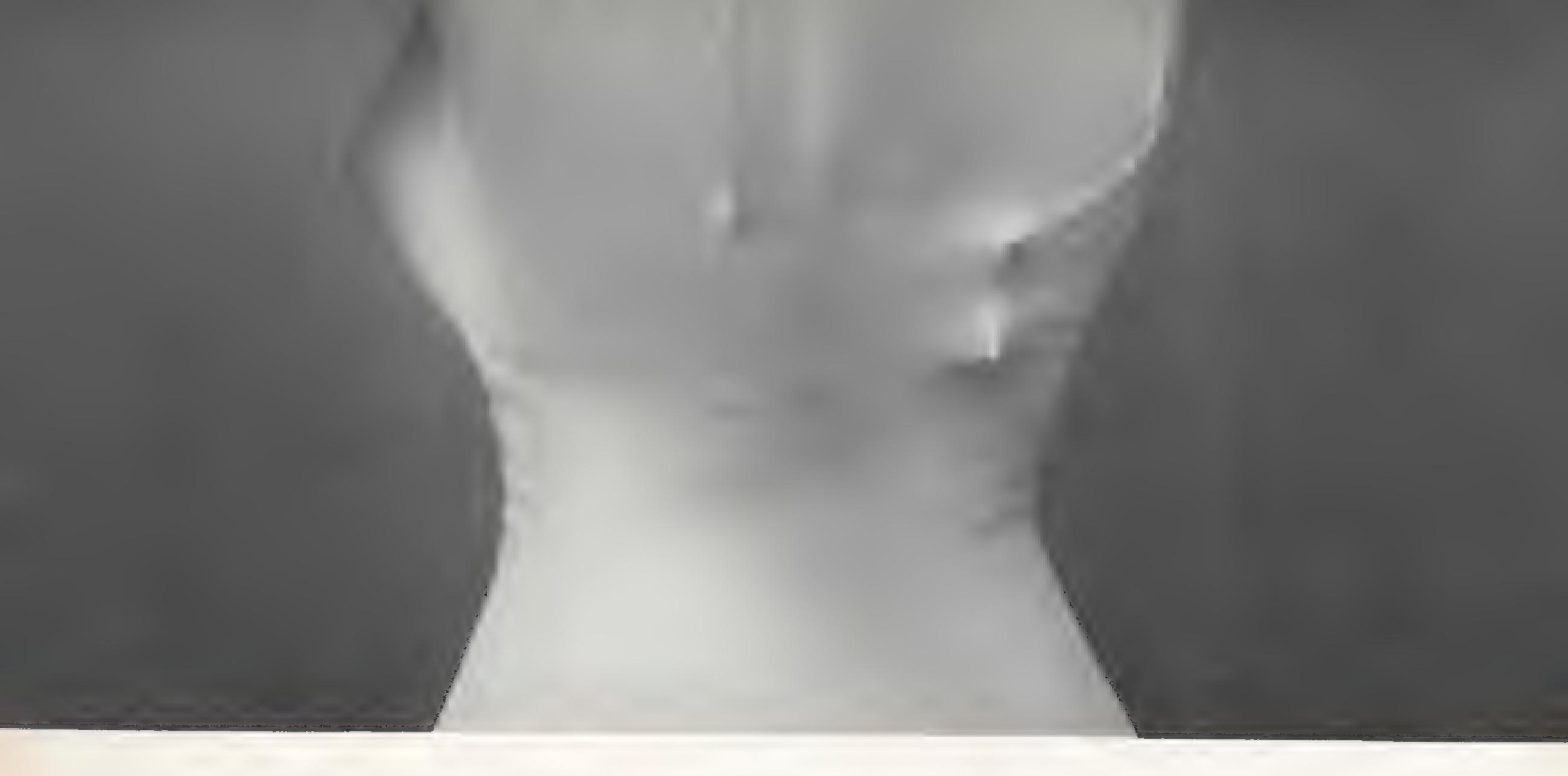
women

Plane We found ourself at a luncheon last week, seated next to Dr. Ludwig G. Lederer, the medical director for American Airlines, and told him how we learned to stop fussing and love flying. It does seem that each time we get on a plane, there is some new way to make us comfortable. Pillows tucked under the nape (we used to get a stiff neck), champagne handy for a quasi-queasy tum, even a diet-proof arrangement which lets us pre-order low-calorie, low-sodium, low-cholesterol meals. ... Dr. Lederer beamed and informed us that easy-on-ulcer food is equally obtainable. The neck pillow, he said, has another purpose besides relaxation: women have weaker neck muscles than men, and if one is prone to motion malaise, a pillow is a wonderfully steadying influence. He assured us that ginger ale is just as stomach settling as champagne, but we chose not to dwell on it. . . . Other cosy gleanings indicate that boots are better than shoes for coddling puffy legs, and that pantie girdles have a sneaky way of cutting down circulation in the upper leg, so one is happier in a girdle-girdle or not any, if the need is not pressing. . . . We confided that we have one flighty problem: We board our plane looking a treat, but by journey's end, our hair is even more relaxed than we are. True gent that he is, Dr. Lederer told us that there is an electric outlet in the loo, and with that, seven or eight minutes and a set of Carmen Curlers, we plan to disembark from our next flight, looking more glorious than the dawn. . . .

The It occurs to us that we all make daily use of gel without ever giving it so much ubiquitous as a kindly credit, much less a biography. However, if we tell you that scientists gel define a gel as a dispersion of a colloid (for example, powdered gelatin is a colloid; so is pectin, so are starches) in a liquid continuous phase so that colloid and liquid interact and form a viscous, jelly-like, or even hard product, we have an ugly feeling that you may retreat into a cloud of ennui. Better that we get down to basics and remind you (you knew, of course, but forgot) that yoghurt is a gel, and so is your surpassing hazelnut Bavarois. Glue is a gel. Lipstick, too (not all gels are clear and quivering). What classifies something as gel is that it contains polymeric materials that, combined with water or oil, hold an independent shape, don't dissolve. In the cosmetic area, there are three divisions: 1. Water-suspension gels, such as water-based hairdressings, shampoos, bath bubblers, cleansers, and most of the bronzing gels. 2. Oil-based gels, like lipsticks, brilliantines, skin treatments, and certain masques. 3. Specialized gels which contain large amounts of oil and water, such as transparent viscous hairdressings. . . . What's a nice gel doing almost every place?

Feet first After an intensive stretch of standing around at cocktail parties, museum happenings, and taxi-less street corners, we were beginning to debate whether we would be less conspicuous in space shoes or walking on our hands. The whole hideous fret sank without a trace last week, however, when we slid our feet into a pair of Scholl Exercise Sandals, the first logical remedial approach to pithecanthropus erectus, distaff branch. . . . The Scholl sandals provide a barefoot-on-the-sand kind of free play as one walks. They are held on by wide, adjustable straps, and the sculpted sole conforms to the natural geography of the foot, with the result that one walks slowly, toes gripping under, muscles flexing and strengthening with every step. We've been wearing our sandals steadily at home, and have another pair at the office. If our feet are happy, we're happy....





We believe the distractions belong in the front, not in the back.



The No-hook bra by Jantzen.

No hooks mean no bulges, bumps, humps, lumps or clumps to take away from the smooth lines of today's clingy clothes. The Jantzen No-hook bra is a step-in version of our most popular Second Nature tricot bra.

It comes in three convenient cup styles: empty, lightly lined or full pad. In White, Ecru and Yellow from about \$5 to \$6. Get yourself a Jantzen No-hook bra. And keep the distractions up front where they belong.

We make underwear too.

Jantzen Inc., 261 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016



BARBARELLA is what's happening today with the new sports-knowing clothes of The Trevira Era. What fresher look than the pantsuit and two-piecer in linen-like fabric of Trevira polyester and rayon by Reltex. Fabric that starts crisp, stays crisp. This superbly cut suit, about \$60, in white, green, yellow, black, sailor blue, beige, brown, red. The perfect pant costume, about \$70, in red/white, sailor blue/white, yellow/black, beige/brown, green/white. Sizes 6 to 14. At Rich's, Atlanta; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & all stores; Lord & Taylor, New York; J. W. Robinson, Southern California.





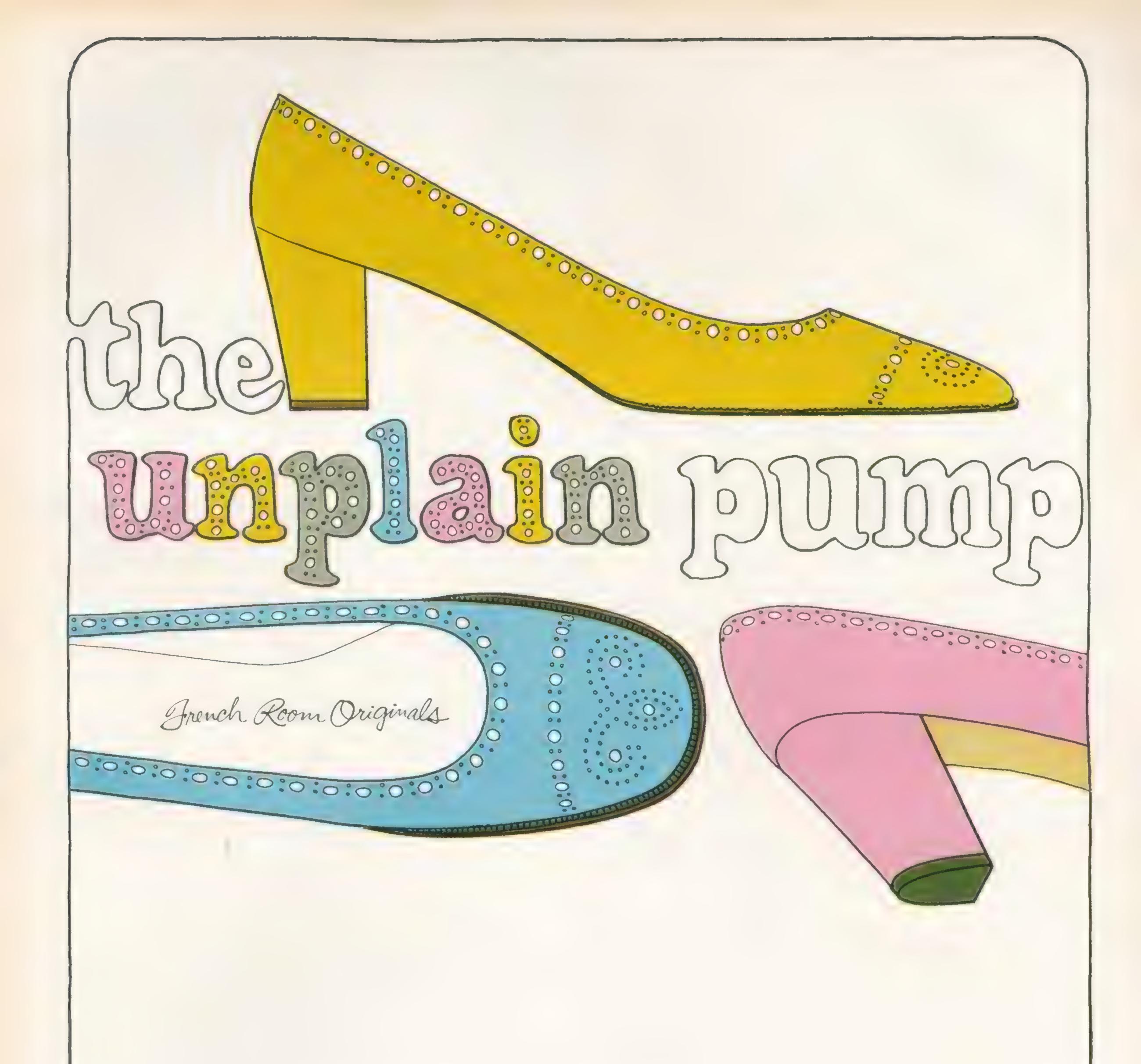
Once she was the only woman in the world allowed to wear this perfume.

L'Interdit. Created by Givenchy for Audrey Hepburn.





SUTTON PLACE turns to shirt looks in fabulous knits with the look of linen. Rich, yet crisp. Soft, yet substantial. Now a marvelous middy and shirt, about \$55; and a long, long shirt, about \$55. In a linen-look Ross-Zeldin knit of Trevira® polyester and linen. Sizes middy and shirt, about \$55; and a long, long shirt, about \$55. In a linen-look Ross-Zeldin knit of Trevira® polyester and linen. Sizes **TREVIRA** 6 to 16. At Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Battlestein's, Houston; Julius Lewis, Memphis; Kreeger's, New Orleans; Frost Bros., San Antonio. The Extraordinary Fiber



New switched-on fun pump. Saluting Spring in a burst of perfs. Higher, setback heel. Flared out sole. Broader toe. Juicy young colors. Yellow, pink, gray, pale blue perfed over white. Classy not jazzy. Spring? This is it. At Chandler's. The big ones. For little. 13.99

CHANDLER'S the Slice Specialty Shops

Have you seen the new Chandler's, Phoenix, in Biltmore Fashion Park?



TANNEL KNITS have the inventive intricacy of The Trevira Era. For in textured Trevira® polyester, the shirtdress becomes sumptuous and drapeable, taking shape as it follows the line of the body. And the pantsuit fascinates the eye with its geometric foulard pattern. The dress in beige, \$50, sizes 8-18; the pantsuit in yellow/blue, \$70. Sizes 6 to 16. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Maas Bros., Tampa. Both slightly higher on the West Coast.





VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

That disreputable joint

It must be admitted that, viewing the body geographically, the elbow is a kind of fogbound out-island surrounded by hostility. The elbow is rude, awkward, and-most besetting of all—hideous. While every other part of one is still dewy with youth, the elbow has rushed, untrammelled, into a saurian dotage. Charles of the Ritz, whose dearest concern it is to trammel all signs of ageing, premature or mature, has given us some much-needed elbowgroom, which they call Akimbo. Its form is dual: There is Akimbo #1, a grainy, friction-producing aquamarine cream which, applied with a circular rubbing action, scours the elbow of rough, dead skin and leaves it polished. Akimbo #2 then takes over by doing a silky-smooth lubrication job—an un-greasy one, what's more. Twice a week is the schedule for Akimbo, and don't omit heels, knees, and even hands that have catchy ways.

It's nice to be kneaded

Successful dieting, unless accompanied by fervent exercise, can leave the newly sylphlike body with an ominously pleated skin—especially if that skin is dry (and whose isn't?). One of the greatest anti-wrinkle campaigners is regular massage, and before you loose a great outcry about time and cost, let us fill you in on Dorothy Gray's Remoldine Body Massage Lotion plan, whereby you can become your own masseuse. Remoldine is a spanking new formula designed specifically to be worked into your body muscles. A booklet comes along to give explicit directions on how and where to pummel, knead, and stroke. The lotion is fragrant and light, but upper-bracket rich, and it leaves your skin feeling soft, supple, and alive with the rewards of a good workout.

The untroubled air

An allergy to dogs is inconvenient, and an allergy to chocolate an affront (no matter how splendid it may be for the shape), but a sensitivity to perfume is nothing less than intolerable. It is as natural for a woman to scent herself as it is to bat her eyelashes, so Almay, who means to see every woman fulfilled, though sensitive, has achieved what may very well be the only hypoallergenic perfume around. This paragon is named All Mine and it is all woman—a teasing, pleasing frolic of roses and jasmine and a not-quite-definable dimension which could be twilight. Almay assures us that All Mine is so free of misery-making irritants that it can even be splashed on a skin that's about to be exposed to the sun. . . . And if you've ever lived for seven or eight months with sinister red splodges on view (we have!), this should be (More Ready Beauty, page 32.) heartening news.



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NICEST NEXT TO YOU

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The lure of the greasepaint

There's a little bit of the Bernhardt in the best of us. We suspect that Michel—long-time exponents of the art of making up—think so too, since theirs is the natty armoire of colouring tricks called the Total Make-Up Kit. The plot behind this piece of backstage craft is simply to Color in Crème—a method by which a series of Winsor & Newton-like tubes provide pure, moisturized pigments to paint on faces, cheeks, eyelids, brows, and lashes. Categorized thus: primers for foundation, toners for cheeks, tinters for eyelids, outliners for liner, lashes, and brow—the creams all have the same base, can be mixed and matched to create any rôle you want to play. Like a painter's palette? Exactly. Explicit hints on what to add or subtract for your special face of the moment are tucked in the lid. Brushes, powder are also included. The stage is yours, Madame Sarah.

Summer love

Summer is a time of sweet entrapment, when the lures of colour, sound, touch, and scent invade the senses. Summer is a world apart, where all is possible, and pleasure can be captured and put in a bottle. Prince Matchabelli, perfume plotters supreme, have caught the leafy, beckoning fragrances of spring-into-summer, stirred them up and given the whole high-hearted brew the name of Wicker. The packaging is delicious . . . wicker-patterned in white and grassy green, with enchantingly fat bottles to hold cologne and spray mist, and a great whoofly green puff to deal out dusting powder. The soap is big and wicker-pressed, and has an engaging after-bath linger. Note: there is a gift set in its own (naturally) wicker basket that has a great future as a weekend-hostess spectacular.

Care for your spare

Every normal, red-blooded woman has storm-tossed moments when her own hair lies laggard, and her wig (or wiglet) snarls even as she approaches it. It is at such a time that Restor, friend and benefactor to all hair, is a friend indeed. Their new Tangle Free wig styling spray has a smoothing effect on wig hair—natural or synthetic—which leads to easy combing and styling. A friend has called in to report that she nearly flipped her switch (which resisted braiding) until she sprayed it with Tangle Free. She said it made all the happy difference.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 66-67; other views, yardages, details)



7529

Above: The long line pants turnout—Vogue Pattern 7529. Pattern also includes skirt. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 12, pants, jacket, and shirt: 55/8 yards of 58" fabric with or without nap. \$2. In Canada, \$2.20.



7565

Above: The short belted jumpsuit —Vogue Pattern 7565. (We added the belt.) Sizes 6 to 14. For size 10: 13/4 yards of 48" fabric with or without nap. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65.

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BY DESPINA MESSINESI

An almost-secret island, off the Caribbean Beat

"No neckties, no dressing up, beautiful beaches, and that great luxury—simplicity and comfort," is the way one recent visitor wrapped up the scene at Petit St. Vincent, a new place on a private island of the same name in the Caribbean. The secret asset of some of these fresh sunny places in the Caribbean and the Bahamas is that they are not even shown on most maps. Bypassed by jets, and not necessarily easy to reach, they have the provocative appeal of discoveries.

Petit St. Vincent is in the Grenadines, that spray of small islands in the southern, warm end of the Caribbean. Petit St. Vincent preserves the look of a deserted island—which it was until recently. There is nothing there but a new colony: A central building and, scattered over two hills, twenty cottages with enormous privacy behind shrubs and stunted trees.

Many guests like to have their meals served in the cottages. When they want to see other people, they drift to the bar and the dining pavilion. The trick behind the good food is the chef, who limits the menu to one excellent main course. Nothing is planned for the guests; they are on their own to wander off to beaches, sun, or to snorkel. The hotel lends without charge snorkels, water skis, sailing and glass-bottom boats, and gives afternoon tea with sandwiches and cakes. Lovely in early evening—the one-mile walk around this island that has neither bugs nor humidity.

Rates for two persons in an attractive double room with meals, \$75 a day. For reservations: Write Tromson Monroe Inc., 40 East 49th Street, New York, New York 10017. Telephone: (212) 752-8660. A good connecting point for Petit St. Vincent is Barbados; from there, guests fly first to St. Vincent Island and then continue to Palm Island where, on the final lap of this odyssey, they board the Petit St. Vincent launch to the island, fifteen minutes away.

New Sea Shape in the Bahamas

Skimming over the clean waters off Nassau, there is a new sea monster, Hovercraft, which until recently shuttled mainly through English waterways. (The licensing for this unusual carrier—half ship, half flying machine—baffled the local authorities and held up the start of the operations.) Now, the Out Islands Express, as the Hovercraft is called, runs on a daily timetable when the weather is fair, and travels speedily on a lovely course from Nassau to nearby Out Islands.

Every morning at nine, the Express lifts off from the pier at Rawson Square in the middle of Nassau for The Current, Spanish Wells, and Harbour Island—three Out Island places difficult to reach until now, but a breeze by Hovercraft. Many visitors like the novelty of a day's cruise on the Hovercraft speeding at forty miles an hour on a cushion of air through the cays, stopping at the islands for lunch, sight-seeing, and a swim and returning to Nassau at six in the evening. This neat arrangement, \$27.50 on any fair Bahamian day.



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VOGUE'S

Housewarming-birthday party in Geneva











To warm his house and to celebrate his birthday, M. Pierre Sciclounoff, an international lawyer in Geneva, Switzerland, gave a party, a big one. for his international friends (some six hundred, attended by paparazzi photographing furiously in the courtyard) at his eighteenth-century house, Maison Napoleon.

Four-storeyed, built in 1709, the house arrived at its major historical glory in 1805 when Napoleon stopped there on his way to Austerlitz. Then the house belonged to Mme. Horace Bénédict de Saussure, widow of the second man to climb the great Alp Mont Blanc.

M. Sciclounoff's party threw another sort of lustre. Guests looked in at the Flemish religious paintings and danced in a small ballroom to the Brazilian-peppered music of Renato Sambo.

NOTEBOOK





1. Façade of Maison Napoleon. 2. M. Pierre Sciclounoff, M. and Mme. Jean-Léon Steinhauslin. 3. Mme. Roberto Gancia, Mr. Ernest Sachs, Mlle. Brigitta Laaf. 1. Marquise de Roussy de Sales, M. Serge Sarasin, M. Didier Riant. 5. Baronne Edmond de Rothschild. Mme. Dewi Sukarno. 6. Countess Franz Egon von Fürstenberg, Mr. Eric Nielson, Count von Fürstenberg. 7. Vicomtesse de Rosière, Duc and Duchesse de Crussol d'Uzès. 8. Mme. Bruno Lechère, M. André Bialobos, Mme. Xavier Givaudan. 9. Seated, left to right: Mr. Russell Page, M. and Mme. Gérald Van der Kemp, Comtesse Jan Bonde, Comtesse de Mohl.





VOGUE, March 15, 1969

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT BOOKS

BY JEAN STAFFORD

A Compass Error,

"can not feel a pulse"

Sybille Bedford has chosen the South of France as the setting for her temperate, contemplative novel A Compass Error (Knopf), and the choice is so appropriate as to seem, not to put too fine a point on it, arbitrary. For that is a region of the earth almost unfailingly friendly to a certain kind of elegant fiction in which the characters, dressed with chic, patined with sun, not pressed by the exigencies of business and of town, talk. And talk with nice turns of phrase, with literary fillips, with ellipses, with suave generalizations. Quite often while they are talking, they are at table satisfying moderate and fastidious appetites with fish fresh from the sea and melons straight from the vine and, perhaps, a cooled dry Graves.

"The food at that hotel, though Flavia would not allow herself to notice it, was excellent, the cold straw-pale wine in the thin clear glass looked charming, it was a setting for well-being." At this particular moment in her life, Flavia is a mess and is in a mess, but unseemliness is cancelled out by the setting for well-being, and it is not easy, therefore, to worry about her: She is an innocent fly in a spider's parlour, but the spider is beautiful, soignée, the parlour is airy and clean. And besides, there is this sec, luminous wine.

As in A Legacy, an earlier novel by Sybille Bedford, her people are aristocratic by birth or by marriage or some other alliance, and their intricate, interesting reticulations are deftly sketched to produce a landscape of personality in which the incoherences enhance the integer, and weaknesses of character, aberrations of behaviour lend a poignance that mitigates tragedy and dignifies squalor. The matters under examination are a case of blameless adultery performed off-stage and revealed through lengthy monologues and a lengthy letter; and Flavia's introduction, at seventeen, to Lesbian love. The fact that one of her two lady-loves is the wife of the adulterer and the fact that the adulteress is Flavia's mother complicate things and provide the armature for a plot.

There is considerable tension in the development of the plot but its implications are only touched lightly with the fingers of a white-gloved hand, and the reader can not feel a pulse. Probably it would be prissy and oldfangled to ask that Flavia be less sure-footed as she treads these Sapphic primrose paths; she falters, to be sure—even takes on a young man for a brief and unsatisfactory tumble—but she does not stub her toe or fall down as she might be expected to do considering her age and her mother's position as part of the quadrangle.

Perhaps Flavia is insulated by the readiness of her tongue: Even when contretemps worsen and become tragic, she is articulate; she is, indeed, so very articulate and so voluble that in bed with the first of her lovers, a "great handsome monster" named Therese, a few nights after the beginning of their liaison, she tells her family's history at such enormous length that Therese goes to sleep. Flavia is temporarily humiliated and remorseful but she is able (remember, now, she is seventeen) to put herself to rights by taking a bath scented with a whole jarful of salts. The reader, to tell the truth, has nodded too and never fully awakes again under these tame, changeless, summer southern skies.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT MOONIES VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT MOONIES M

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

If ..., "brilliant and disturbing"

This is a deceptive film. It starts on a note of total conventionality. We are back in the familiar world of the English public school. It is the beginning of winter term. A new boy timidly asks directions. The student head of the house barks orders. Masters read lessons in chapel. We are shown what George Orwell described in his essay on "Boys' Weeklies" as "the usual paraphernalia—lockup, roll call, house matches, fagging, prefects, cosy teas round the study fire, etc., etc." Is this to be nothing more than Stalky & Co. revisited?

The camera moves restlessly about the school, flashing briefly on a variety of characters and scenes. After a time the elements of a plot appear. It seems at the start no more than the traditional public school confrontation: authority in the person of the head of the house and his three prefects vs. mischief in the person of three dissidents, latter-day versions of Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle.

Yet, within the stereotypes one begins to detect another note, aberrant, eerie, even sinister. The homosexual theme, implicit in such stories since *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, becomes explicit. The fagging system seems on the surface more genial; but, on provocation, the hazing turns vicious. The rebellious three drink vodka in their study underneath photographs of Che, Mao, and Lumumba. The headmaster, a brisk, modern type, delivers hopeful platitudes about bridging the generation gap.

Gradually the pace accelerates. The boys skip a school rugger match to go into town where they steal a motorcycle and meet a girl. The senior prefects decide they have become a disgrace to the house and subject them to brutal canings. Like characters out of Orwell's boys' weeklies, the rebels swear a blood oath. Then the film begins to take off, almost in the manner of Jean-Luc Godard. Tormented beyond endurance by imbecile and arbitrary authority, the three, joined by a younger student and a girl, seize arms and revolt against the school. "I understand you. Listen to reason and trust me," the headmaster calls out to them before they shoot him down.

If . . . is a brilliant and disturbing film. The director, Lindsay Anderson, sees the school, with its structure of irrational power, as a microcosm of society. The prefects are the old ruling group, continuing to give nineteenth-century orders in a new world of aspiration and anger. The headmaster is a voice of contemporary liberalism, complacent and ineffectual. The rebels are the young anywhere, eventually driven mad by the irrationality and inhumanity of the system. Unlike Uptight, however, If . . . bestows no maudlin blessing on revolutionary violence. Its mood is clinical rather than sentimental, and it is infinitely more powerful for that reason.

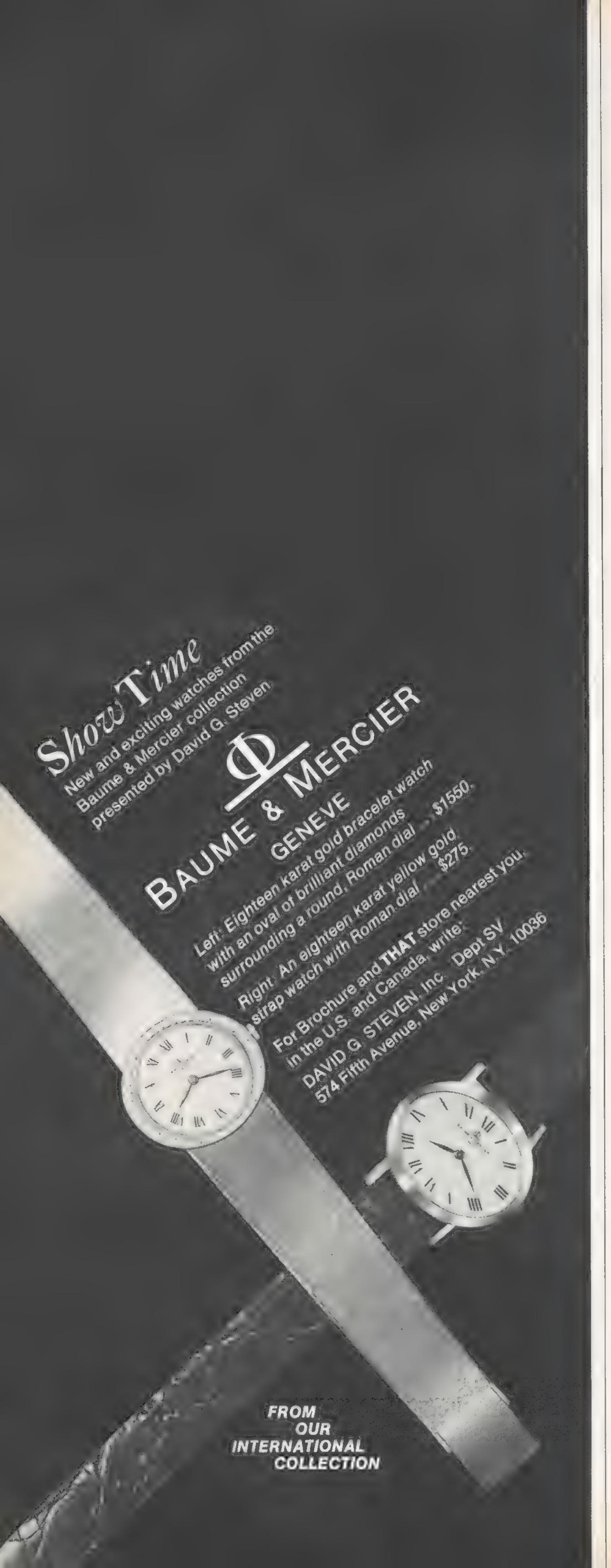
Lindsay Anderson has done a superb job. If the first half-hour seems amorphous and inconsequential, every scene turns out to be justified as the film gathers momentum and begins the startling transition from the conventions of public-school drama to the terror of guerrilla warfare. I must confess that I do not understand why some passages are in colour, some in sepia, some in black and white; here Mr. Anderson perhaps becomes a little too subtle. Still this is the most interesting film so far this year.



When you told him eight-thirty and he brings them at six

and there you are in curlers... no eye make-up...and a this-can't-be-realit's-a-nightmare look on your face justifiable homicide whizzes through your mind. But you smile sweetly, shoot him a poison-arrow look, and go switch into your wittiest new Gernreich. Thanking your lucky stars that at least your table will be set . . . beautifully set with elegant Oneida. Every piece affirming what good taste you have. Every piece designed to make a graceful showing however you use it-for a formal dinner or impromptu buffet. Yes, Oneida has a way of making a girl look good in any situation. Isn't it time you began... began to set it right with Oneida?





VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT Theatre

BYANTHONY WEST

Red, White and Maddox, "savage brilliance" Canterbury Tales, "vulgarities"

Although Theatre Atlanta's Red, White and Maddox has a book by Don Tucker and Jay Broad, and is staged by them, it essentially is Jay Garner playing Lester Maddox. And Canterbury Tales, a show from England by Martin Starkie and Nevill Coghill out of Geoffrey Chaucer, is essentially Hermione Baddeley playing the perennially ambitious Wife of Bath. These are two stars who really bring everything they touch to life.

Not that either show is altogether dead. But Theatre Atlanta's tribute to the Governor of Georgia had a funny thing happen to it on the way to the Cort Theatre—the Chicago Democratic convention. Whatever else may have happened there, one thing is certain: Lester Maddox vanished from the scene as a Presidential possibility. And since the second half of the show is in the nature of an Awful Warning about how horrible it would be to have Maddox as President, it has more than a whiff of a dead horse about it. But the show's first act has a savage brilliance. It achieves a truly blood-curdling effect by punctuating the inane story of Maddox's rise to the governorship of his state with heart-breaking visual presentations of the assassinations of JFK, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr. The message comes across with the ear-bursting intensity of a scream—look, these are the real men who get gunned down, and this is the sick little creep who lives on to get your votes.

Jay Garner impersonates Maddox with extraordinary skill, really coming to grips with what the man basically is in a scene presenting him in the far off, happy days when he was still buttering his fried chicken with bogus Southern charm at the Pickrick Restaurant. He stays good in the second act while the show is falling apart, and his last moments, floating out over the first rows of the orchestra seats on a swing, are worth staying for. With all its faults *Red*. White and Maddox is almost the funny, tough-minded, and immediately relevant show that is needed to put new life into the Broadway musical.

Canterbury Tales is anything but that, doing for Chaucer more or less what Kiss Me, Kate may be said to have done for Shakespeare, trimming away his poetry and scraping his stories down to the bare bawdy. Chaucer appears from time to time, looking solemn and carrying a lumpy great book to show he's a writer, to explain that he doesn't mean anything by the vulgarities that are to follow. The vulgarities then follow, and there is much bumping, grinding, and flaunting of codpieces as ye merrie peasants set about tumbling and rummaging ye jolly wenches. The costumes are commonplace, and those members of the cast who have beautiful bodies aren't, alas, able to sing or act for little apples.

What sees one through the thing is the presence of George Rose and Hermione Baddeley, the former doing marvellously with a calypso song, "If She Has Never Loved Before," and the latter giving a bravura performance in the old English musichall tradition. Her bounce, her impropriety, and her air of flipped refinement, are all immense, and she gets the show right off the ground whenever she appears.

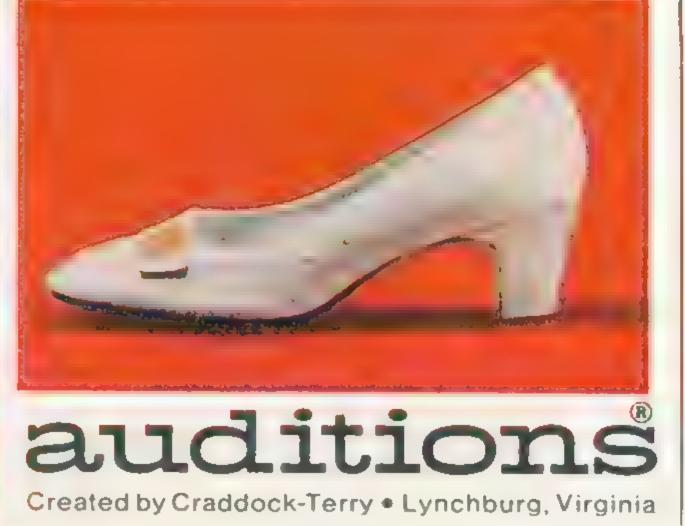




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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGIT POP MUSIC BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Jefferson Airplane, "steady, smooth"

This season you've got to be ornate: a dangling, jangling, multi-faceted creature of design and chance. In pop music, as in fashion, the mode is the message. And this year's emphasis on ornamental sheen has led many musicians to abandon the classic structure of rock.

This expanded sense of pop has resulted in a harvest of new motifs—some of them vital, others smothering. Even the classic structure of the rock combo (two guitars, drums, a bass, and an optional organ) has been transformed into an all-purpose ensemble. Except in blues (where the small, self-contained unit remains inviolate) we are being bombarded by elaborate, highly structured performances. We hear a lot these days about the return of the big band in rock. If you haven't got a tenor sax, a trumpet blaring black power, and a bank of synthesizers in your band, you might as well be playing "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane."

Yet the simple fact is that few of the new expanded bands are worthy of their excess tonal baggage. Even Blood, Sweat & Tears—easily the most ambitious big rock band—fails to make use of its full potential as an expanded ensemble.

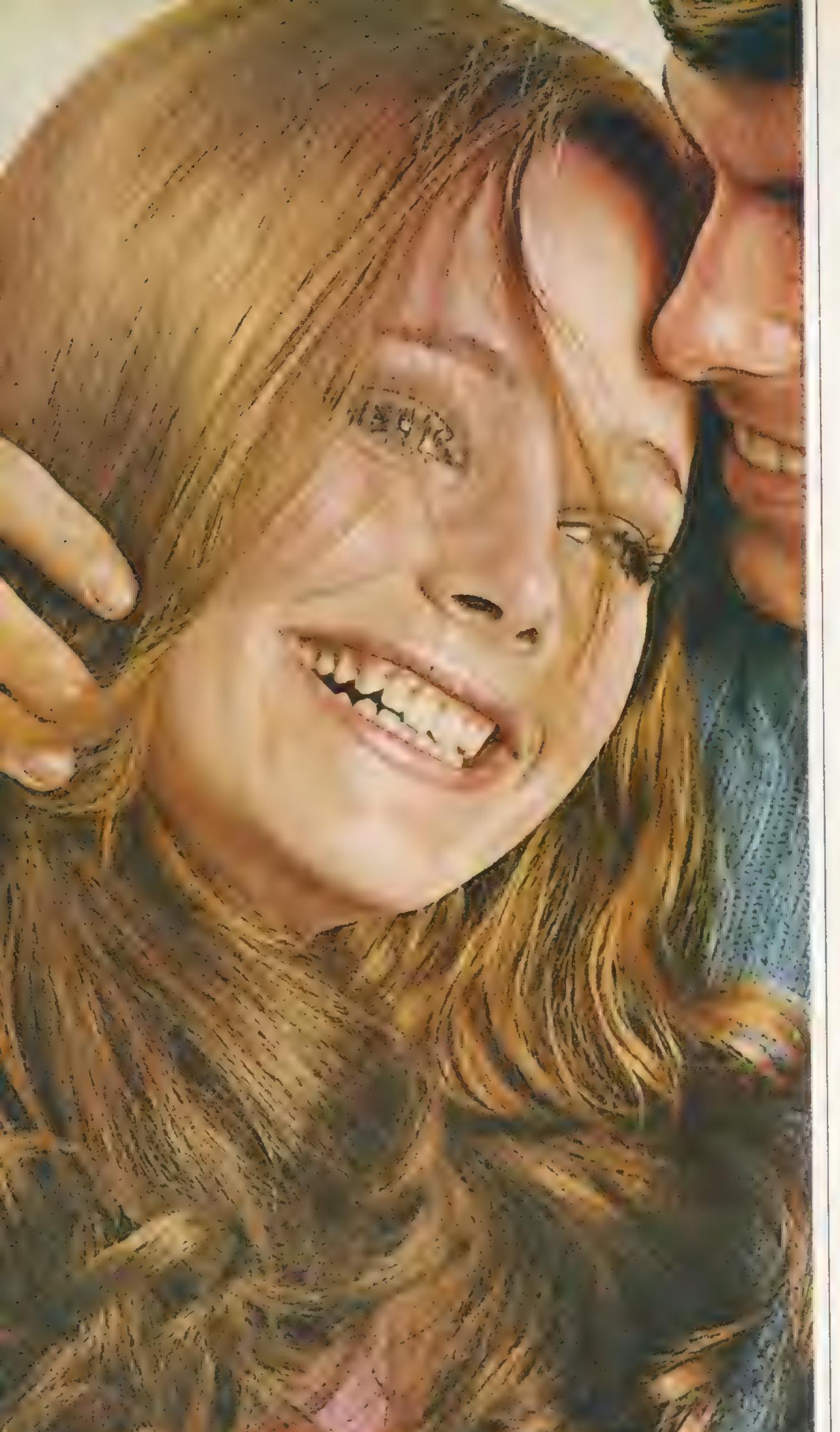
What I miss most about expanded rock is a sense of identity so firmly established that it transcends both structure and form. I think this identity—call it musical ego—is the sign of a truly important rock artist, and ultimately the only tool by which a musician can hope to sustain his energy and creative skill (which are inseparable in rock). To consider the superstars of rock—from Elvis Presley to The Beatles, from Little Richard to The Rolling Stones—is to realize how crucial the personal has always been for the rock generation.

Right now, I can think of only one American rock group—Jefferson Airplane—that fits the definition of an expanded band without sacrificing its personality to its sound. Their new album, Bless Its Pointed Little Head (RCA), was recorded "alive" at the two Fillmores: East and West. It sounds it—which is to say that the Airplane have dared to add more to this album than a few seconds of applause and shrieks to liven up the silence between cuts. The record opens with a muffled introduction, followed by a fade-out from King Kong (remember that climactic, "It wasn't the airplane, 'twas beauty killed the beast"?). All this while the group warms up. And then the familiar rush, steady, smooth, dependable as a DC8, and we are into an old Airplane favourite, "3/5's Of a Mile In 10 Seconds."

Most of the material on this album will strike seasoned passengers as a nostalgic recapitulation of the Airplane's style. For a long time now, it has been apparent that there was more to this group than a pop factory capable of producing a steady flow of hits. Essentially the journey of the Jefferson Airplane has been a search for freedom—both musical and emotional. They have tackled everything from Joyce to the blues, and while their success has been mixed, their vitality is unquestionable. If this latest album is imperfect—if some of the solos seem redundant and others incomplete—we should be grateful for its flaws because they represent the soul of the Airplane (as an improvisational experience) and the essence of what expanded rock is all about—informal, mischievous, unrestrained.



Wicker is sun and sky and grass and you in white silk and him in white linen and tenderness and kisses. That is Wicker. A storybook world come to life and to make your very own. With Wicker colognes. And spray mists. And everything, truly everything you will ever need to go live in this otherworld of Wicker. Whenever you want.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT MODICAL STREET OF THE STR

BY HENRY C. WALLICH

"How essential is essential?"

By the end of this year, American government will be spending almost \$300 billion a year. That makes it close to \$1,500 for every man, woman, and child in the country, or \$6,000 for the average family. The blessings that flow to each family from its elected authorities amount to almost twice the poverty-line income. The poor, of course, get their hands on very little of this money.

The most plausible reaction to these tidings is, "So what?" It has always gone that way. Nobody can do anything about it. Why worry so long as, individually, we are also doing better each year?

That reaction would be a poor thank-you for the efforts being made in Washington and elsewhere to hold down the spending. Although the figures do not seem to show it, there are people trying to do just that. In the Budget Bureau, in Congressional committees, in the myriad state and local mini-governments, there are brave if lonely spirits trying to stem the tide. Failure to support them guarantees that the tide will roll on all the faster.

Government waste is not the reason. By and large, the government administrator sitting in his slightly shabby office is as efficient as his counterpart in business, who generally occupies plushier quarters. The actual running of government costs very little. But the programs. . . .

There is no end to the amount of good one can do if one does not count the cost. The poor, the sick, the old, the young, the uneducated, the underdeveloped, the military, the moon. . . . Each of these programs usually is perfectly defensible, until one adds them up. Hence, the need for the budget-cutter, the hardnosed no-sayer, the man whom his critics often accuse of a lack of human sympathy. After all, they say, it is only money.

It is only your money, not theirs. So it makes good sense to watch how it is spent. If you encourage the public spender to live a little, he will indeed live it up. What happens then? Either you will find yourself confronted with a tax bill to cover the deficit (whether surcharge or loophole-closing, by any name it smells expensive). Or else you will find prices rising. That means the government has had to borrow at the bank, and it taxes us via the price level instead of through more orthodox channels.

One is tempted to disbelieve that in so huge an economy, spending a few extra billions should make any difference. That kind of thinking sank the "Titanic": Nothing is big enough to escape the laws of icebergs and economics. The belief that we could have guns and butter and everything else at once has given the shopper the biggest price rise since 1951, and made the Federal Government pay the highest interest rate since the Civil War.

So, more power to the men at all levels of government who are doing the unpopular job of slowing the spending. They rarely cut, but they do postpone. In the face of pressure groups that demand economy everywhere else but more spending in their districts, they are asking the hard question: How essential is essential? The twenty billion dollars or so by which public spending probably will rise this year is \$100 per capita—more than the entire per capita income in a poor country such as India. It ought to be enough to meet the urgent needs even of a very rich country. Does it really take belt-tightening to slow things down a little?





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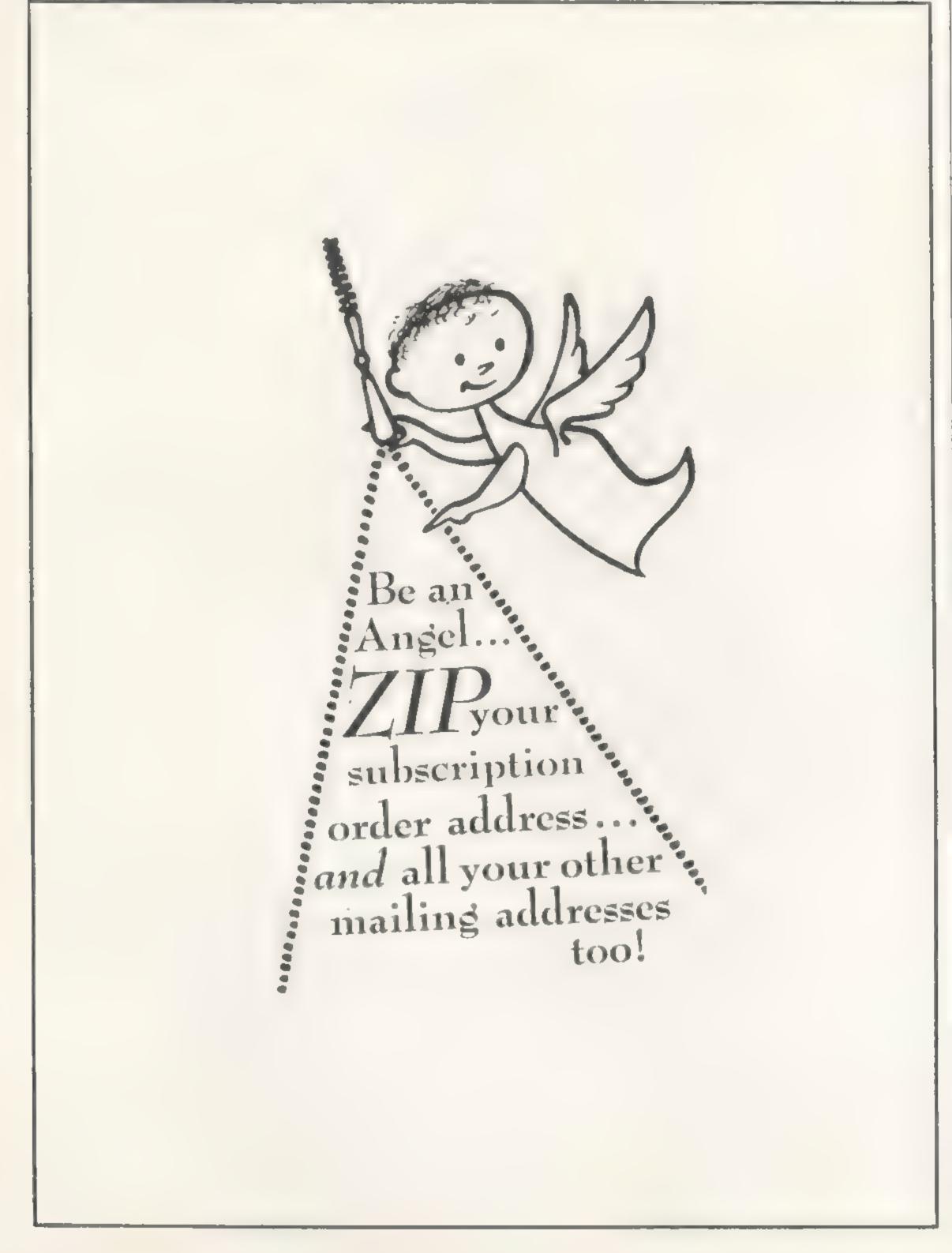
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Stolen Kisses, "funny"

Stolen Kisses is a delightfully funny movie, François Truffaut -may be not at his deepest—but at his most charming. The plot, which perhaps it's best to get over with at once since it is also typical of Truffaut in that it doesn't sound as if it makes much sense (I remind you of Jules and Jim and Shoot the Piano Player), concerns the misadventures of a young Frenchman just mustered out of the army who tries to make it with his old girl friend, fails, gets a job as a night watchman at a hotel, is fired, gets a job with a detective agency, is put to work as a spy in a shoe store, has a fling with the owner's wife, gets fired, turns up as a television repairman, and finally gets to sleep with his old girl friend when he's called to fix her set.

But, of course, the truth in a comedy as offbeat and yet romantic as this one lies not in the telling but in the nuance, and here Truffaut has always been a master. What he's done in Stolen Kisses is to set off a series of witty, brief encounters, with each person hitting just the right key but not too hard, from the least brisk young whore, who never kisses customers on the mouth, to the boy himself (Jean-Pierre Léaud). There's also the nice young girl friend (Claude Jade), who does her homework while she watches student demonstrations on television; the owner of the shoe store (Michael Lonsdale), who in a hilarious interview asks the detective agency to investigate the fact that although his health is excellent, his wife superior, and his business thriving—"Anybody can buy shoes at Tabard's—Jewish women, Arabs"-nobody loves him; and the owner's delicious wife (Delphine Seyrig). And in between there are intriguing and amusing shots of Paris, a Paris so plain for a change it's especially beautiful. (Technically, the film is scratchy and the colour bad, but it's interesting how easily one forgets that, in this age of technically perfect movies.)

As the boy, Jean-Pierre Léaud makes a wonderfully funny picaresque hero, though like all real comedians he's basically indescribable. Physically he's small and rather skinny but, again like most good clowns, not so much pathetic as eager, eager to listen to what people tell him, eager to throw himself into every experience, eager to pick himself off the mat, where he inevitably lands. Somehow, Léaud manages never to miss a beat or to exaggerate either, being the complete young soldier, the complete young man's idea of a detective with cap pulled down and coat collar up, giving his reports: "arty place, candles on the table, Vivaldi in the toilets," and the complete television repairman. My favourite picture of him is as an ardent lover, composing a letter to the shoe-store owner's wife after she has sent him two neckties from Cardin: "Depuis une heure je regarde ces cravates."

Which introduces the delightful subject of Delphine Seyrig, who, although she has only one real scene, almost steals the picture and establishes once and for all in this age of gilded youth that ripeness can be all. Not that Miss Seyrig is old or plain, far from it. Only so sweetly experienced, so serene as she gently suggests to the boy, who is lying in bed with a sheet up to his chin, that since what each of them feels is both so ordinary and yet so exceptional, perhaps she should be with him a few hours if he promises never to see her again . . . ? Yes, indeed, when these French ladies have it, they have it.



Styles in make-up change just like styles in clothes

The mad scientists keep inventing new things to make you prettier. You keep thinking up new ways to use them. It's groovy, but ...

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MENINOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



Why is Gianni Agnelli laughing?

Because he's just dropped into Jackie Rogers's shop and found the great gear belt—a waist-length of shiny bronzed motor gears. What better belt for the President of Fiat? Belt, by Eye Plus, \$75 at Jackie Rogers for Men, 27 E. 67th St., N. Y. C.

Knickers?

Right. Paris news along with pants cropped at the calf like breeches. Philippe Oates, right, in cream velours cropped pants from Renoma, 129 bis, Rue de la Pompe, Paris. In New York: custom knickers are new, ready-to-wear coming up. Best custom ones, real Bobby Jones style, by Dimitri of Italy, 42 E. 57th St., N. Y. C., about \$50.



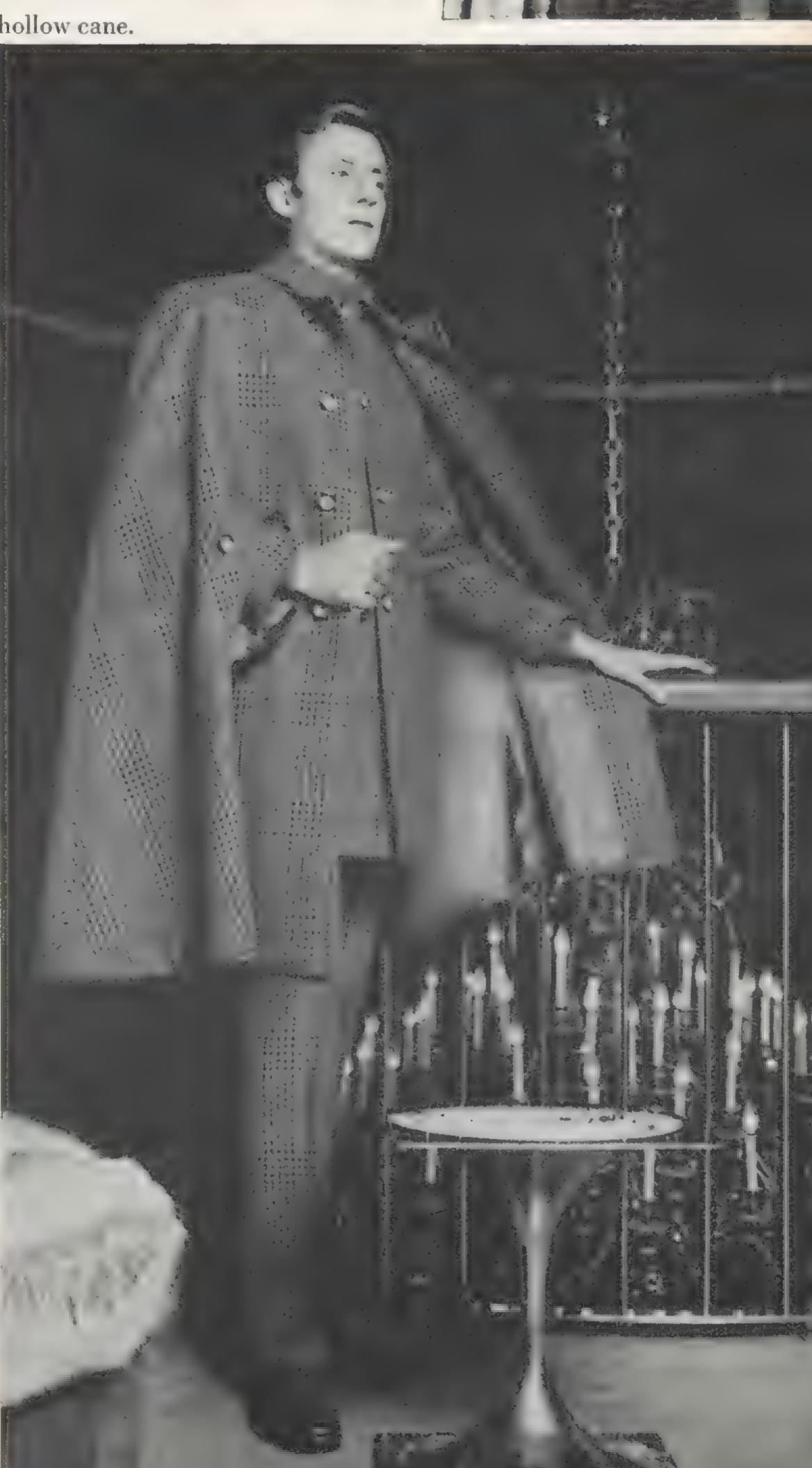
What's upstairs in Paris? Great clothes that Bernard Lanvin has stashed away under the crystal chandelier in Lanvin 2

Paris's handsomest new shop, corner of Royale and Cambon, packed with good-looking ready to wear for men who opt for style over strangeness. Décor: apricot and black leather, wolf fur and crystal, all quiet raffinement to suit the clothes. Classic suits in a wide range of fabrics, colours, about \$200. Real news: country turnouts such as Bernard Lanvin wears, below: brown Prince de Galles tweed suit, the jacket long and highclosing, with a matching cape. Great accessories: slick leather bag with

shoulder strap but carried as Lanvin likes it for a more masculine look, left. Below left, dog-head walking stick has umbrella housed within the hollow cane.







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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW



PARIS

The small head...
taut, smooth, rounded,
and absolutely enchanting
...the head of today

The deliciousness of it—hair all pulled back, tight to the skull, and two precious little pigtails looped behind each ear....The deliciousness of the small head in all its variations, all over Paris—sometimes with a small knot at the back...or a twist of braid on top...or cropped and perfectly straight, like a grown-out Eton boy's cut....Every way, at every house—adorable! The small-head coiffure on this page is by Carita for Patou....The whole Paris story—small-head to toe—begins on page 18....



PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER... THE NEW ILLUSTRICATION OF THE NEW INTERIOR OF THE NEW INTE

IN FASHION STARRING JEAN SHRIMPTON

This is where you come into the picture—in a big way. It's what inventiveness is all about: you, putting your look together in layers of things; putting suède pants and an embroidered bolero over a crisp shirt with a cowboy scarf at the neck, a clank of chain at the hips . . . doing something smashy with bits and pieces, like using scarfs as hatbands, headbands, wristbands, as flowing cravats and streaming sashes; knotting ropes and tassels in your hair, around your throat, knee, ankle, around your waist, mixed with leather belts, lengths of chain. You tie this with that; you add, subtract—you invent yourself a little. And that, as we've said right along, is the real key to fashion today. . . . The Shrimp in layers, left: scarlet jersey shirt, ginger linen skirt, with a quilted silk weskit in indigo-and-white print and a wide belt in a larger version of the print—only a glimpse of belt, because we've layered it over with silvery links, and gone right on layering . . . added a pewter chain weskit, a couple of scarfs at the collar, more at the wrist. Chester Weinberg turnout; Baboin-Lesur cotton jersey, Moygashel linen, Chardon-Marché printed silk. About \$235. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Chain weskit by Cravaté Originals. Chain belts by Solid Art. Scarfs by Sant' Angelo for Sally Gee. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Rings: Trifari, Pakula. Jean Shrimpton's coiffures, these pages: Ara Gallant.

the Shrimp

PENATI

TALKS TO POLLY DEVLIN

She has a high, light voice, slightly husky, as endearing as a child's, a will-of-the-wisp voice, with the sentences ending in a note of interrogation. Her clear thoughts are always slightly deprecating, coloured by her high sense of the absurd, her refusal to sound egotistical. She has a careful, unpoetic, pleasing use of words, and what is rarer, uses only her voice to speak, says to the end exactly what she means. Others use their hands, their eyes, silences, allusions; drop a sentence in midair, never quite finish—Jean always quite finishes, with a simple precision. She is elemental, without affectation, direct as a light beam.

Directness is my scene. I suppose basically what I have most of is good common sense.

I'm happy. I accept the fact that I'm a model and not creative. But I'm sensitive and value sensitivity.

Before me, models were very cool, very elegant. I was as I was, and David Bailey photographed me like that—a young girl, with a look slightly petulant, slightly innocent. And I was very wide-eyed, very innocent, very seventeen.

I can't ever remember realizing I was famous. I was always working, so I never noticed the landmarks until I looked back.

When I meet someone who has copied her idea of me, I am flattered and slightly amused. Amused, simply because I couldn't copy anyone. That was the whole point. That was why I started something.

I'm secure enough not to worry about whether men think I'm sexy or not as long as the man I'm with thinks I am. (Continued on page 148)

55

























PARIS this sets the whole tempo...

Languor, variety, and the perfect workmanship of the couture, plus the flair to enhance—fashion springs out of this city with the full freshness and flavour of an April garden....There is no place like Paris.

We are in a very very feminine cra....Not a hard line anywhere....Rounded hems, lapels, and pocket flaps....Every throat wrapped with artistry....Small heads....Makeup to make the eyes as large as possible....Correct, romantic, and various is the theme.

The most important line is the long line....There's a new languor in Paris tailoring, a perfection of line falling against the body....Extended waistlines..., Belts worn low and easy....Pockets, pockets—some set low and languishing on the hips....Pants with swinging cuffs worn with long topcoats belted like the narrowest, supplest trenchcoat....Pretty lizard coats in pale blue or pink great over little white dresses....The long scarf is everywhere; wrapped once around the throat and falling....The Windsor knot with shirts....An open white shirt with a carefully folded black scarf against the throat.

The tango walk of girls in gypsy dresses made of super-brilliant patchwork prints—almost naïve but very sophisticated. Handkerchiefs wrapped and tied high on the throat. The gypsy mood of evening dresses contrasting with perfect evening pants suits.

There is a whole school of dreamy fashion that avoids crispness.... Pleats fall gently against the body.... Chiffon evening dresses that cover the throat, cover the arms with pleated sleeves caught at the wrist by cuffs that fall deliciously over the hand.

Brown day and night...in linen...in shantung...in wool...in organdie...and pleated georgette.

White shoes with black heels seem so important for day clothes....The great chic of a maryellous maryellous buckle on a wonderful wonderful leather belt....Handkerchiefs tied close over the brow and head with the ends falling in back....Handkerchiefs of every size and length, pulled bias and straight, wrapping the head, wrapping the waist, wrapping the throat. The throat. The throat. As though every girl had perpetual unending laryngitis.

Never have the gaieties of the world been more deliciously projected.... There is nothing so irresistible as talent, and the constant fascination of Paris is the couture's never-ceasing search for perfection, femininity, and enhancement.



Gay, beautiful, and inventive....For openers, his shine-up line-up bang-up finale: curved brassières, mini mini-jupes, and armbands in gleaming polished metal with Dutch-cut crinière wigs in a shock of contrasty colour. Irresistible! Brassières and skirts to order at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Courrèges Dynel crinière wigs by Alexandre at Bonwit Teller.































Layers of white gabardine short coat, front-wrap skirt—over a super little low-pleated shirtdress in black-and-white silk. Silver-metal belt. Silver socks and mocs. Nattier fabric.





White fake-leather raincoat, welted, belted, lined in grass-green jersey over a green jersey vest-topped romper, white turtleneck. To order at Bonwit Teller.

PARIS: UNGARO

The ingenious tailor...always a rounded line to collars, pockets, lapels....And the inventiveness of his layered looks!

The perfect coat—in this one, you Apricot wool, belted, welted, rounded—plus giant flap pockets. Underneath, black tie and a printed dress in brown, black, whitethe combination is delicious.













































YOUR TO THE STATE OF THE STATE

Poets write about the eyes, but eye doctors, or ophthalmologists, are apt to talk about eyeballs and the orbit, the bony socket of the eye. H. B. Stallard, M. D., of London, England, in a talk on "The Reconstruction of the Orbit" said: "Fractures of the orbit have become more frequent, chiefly because of the misbehaviour of selfish fools in automobiles, and an ever-increasing corps of scurvy knaves who inflict facial assaults with blunt weapons when robbing." Eye doctors, a notoriously cautious group, have been moving forward in their research, perhaps only a millimetre at a time, but significant developments are on the way through clinical research—laser operations, microsurgery of the eye, new techniques for removal of cataracts, for corneal surgery and transplants, and for optically modifying the curve of the cornea.

To understand what these men are doing, it is necessary to understand the structure of the human eye. Your eyes are like ping-pong balls, slightly bulging on one-sixth of the surface, set in two bony cavities of the skull. Each eye has a tough outer shell of which five-sixths is opaque and bluish white except when bloodshot. The other one-sixth of that shell is the transparent cornea refracting light through its central opening of the iris called the pupil. This pupil contracts and expands to regulate the amount of light admitted. Behind the pupil lies the crystalline lens that focuses the light rays on the retina. The retina, in fact, is the sensitive membrane, the stimulation of which results in visual sensation. Connection between the retina and the brain is made by the optic nerve.

DR. HERBERT KATZIN. Director of the Eye Bank Laboratory of Cornell University and New York Hospital, said: "We are working on reshaping the curvature of the cornea and on corneal transplants. The curvature problem can be compared to taking off contact lenses and then reshaping them. What we are experimenting with is the use of living corneas. (In other countries this operation has been performed on living persons, but in the United States we prefer to improve the procedure by experimenting on animals before operating on human beings.) The objective of this shaping technique is eventually to do away with eyeglasses. We are also trying to develop a plastic that is compatible with the eye for those corneal procedures. The plastics now used in eyes, especially for cataract operations, may lead to complications."

DR. KATZIN SAID: "WHEN THE RESHAPING TECHNIQUE IS IN FULL USE, WE WILL SHAVE OFF PART OF A PATIENT'S CORNEA, FREEZE THE PART, GRIND IT, AND RESHAPE IT. IF THE PATIENT IS NEARSIGHTED, WE WILL FLATTEN THE CORNEA; IF THE PATIENT IS FARSIGHTED, WE WILL MAKE THE CURVE STEEPER." THE CALCULATIONS FOR THIS PROCEDURE HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED BY DR. MILTON KAPLAN.

Dr. Katzin said: "Corneal transplants are used on the young, on adolescents, and so on up to any necessary age. The transplants may be required because of scarring of the cornea, accidents, or a dozen reasons. In Bogotá, Colombia, Dr. José Barraquer does the transplant one way; I do a variation, but essentially the operations are the same. The technique consists of removing the corneal section with an instrument that resembles a carpenter's plane, freezing the cornea (the patient's own, if possible) in seconds, then making it into a new lens, thawing it in a saline solution, and replacing it over the patient's iris. We dream of a time when two procedures may be used in one operation: the removal of a cataract and the correction of the curvature to the end that the patient does not need glasses."

DR. FRANCIS A. L'ESPERANCE, Director of the Argon Laser Research Laboratory and assistant attending ophthamologist at the Eye Institute of Ophthalmology in the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, said: "During the past three years at the Eye Institute, we have developed an extremely powerful Argon Laser that emits a blue-green beam of light that is absorbed preferentially by abnormal blood vessels. We channel this light beam into the patient's eye through a unique optical system that allows us to focus the beam upon extremely tiny blood vessels in the retina. In this manner we can coagulate and obliterate selectively any of the abnormal blood-vessel formations, thereby sparing the patient the hazard of a vessel rupture that might occur from that particular vessel."

ONE OF THE LEADING CAUSES OF BLINDNESS IS BLOOD VESSEL ABNORMALITIES OF THE EYE.

Dr. L'Esperance said: "The Argon Laser system has the power, potentially, to produce new drainage channels for eyes with glaucoma, to open optical pupils in membranes, to remove certain eyelid growths in a bloodless fashion, and to destroy various tumours and abnormal tissue formations in and around the eye."

IN MANY DISEASES, ESPECIALLY IN DIABETES, NEW, EXTREMELY BRITTLE BLOOD VESSELS FORM IN THE BACK OF THE EYE. THESE VESSELS ARE EASILY CRACKED OR RUPTURED, AND BLOOD MAY ENTER THE CAVITY OF THE EYE CAUSING SUDDEN BLINDNESS.

Dr. L'Esperance said: "There are promising laser possibilities in other parts of the body. Since the intense light coagulates as it cuts, it could be used to excise portions of the liver, kidney, or brain where bleeding is a major problem. We recently have finished building an entirely portable high-power Argon Laser that can be transported to any operation room within the Medical Center."

WEDICAL EXPERIMENTS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE

BYALLENE TALMEY

DR. CHARLES D. KELMAN. attending surgeon and Director of Cataract Research at Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital in New York City, has developed a cataract operation using an emulsification technique. When the clear lens of the eye becomes cloudy, the cloudy lens is then said to have a cataract. The usual cataract operations begins by cutting the eyeball in half and taking out the lens. In that operating procedure the mature cataract has to be removed through a 180-degree incision, requiring six to eight sutures, one week in the hospital, and four to six weeks recuperating out of the hospital. Dr. Kelman said: "The new technique has been developed for the removal of hard, senile-type cataracts through a tiny (2 mm) incision which reduces the patient's recovery time and the postoperative complications. In a preliminary trial on forty patients, good results followed emulsification of the cataract with an ultrasonic needle and simultaneous aspiration (sucking out) of the fluid through the small incision. The instrument is a titanium alloy hollow needle vibrating at an ultrasonic frequency of 40,000 times a second. (This instrument will be on the market commercially in a year or two.) An operating microscope must be used. With the emulsification technique patients can be out of bed a few hours after surgery and can return to work with no restriction of activities after the first postoperative day."

PROFESSOR H. HARMS of

Tübingen University, Germany, at the first international symposium on microsurgery of the eye said: "Operating under the microscope is now moving beyond the personal stage. A new dimension in surgery is developing, perhaps to which the future belongs... an increasing respect for the fine anatomic, functional, and optical structure of the eye... Many difficulties had to be overcome at the beginning. Operating with the microscope necessitated a fixed position of the surgeon. This made it necessary for the operative technique to be adapted to this static situation. This change of technique was not basic since

DR. RICHARD C. TROUTMAN, PROFESSOR AND HEAD OF THE DIVISION OF OPHTHALMOLOGY, DEPARTMENT OF SURGERY, STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK. DOWNSTATE MEDICAL CENTER. SAID: "WE ARE WORKING CON-TINUOUSLY TO DEVELOP AND IMPROVE MICROSCOPES AND SUR-GICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR MICRO-SURGERY." (DR. TROUTMAN HAS DESIGNED TWO MICROSCOPES FOR EYE SURGERY AND OTHER INSTRU-MENTS FOR USE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, SMALLER AND MORE DELICATE THAN THOSE PREVI-OUSLY USED.)

our group was accustomed to operating from one position. At first the duration of the operations was markedly increased. We had to learn to position the instruments tactually rather than visually in the operative field. These difficulties seemed small, however, in relation to the benefit that the optical magnification provided us for the more subtle performance of an operation....

"With increased magnification and better illumination greater precision in instruments and needles is required. Suture material that better corresponds to the dimensions of the intervention and the properties of the tissue is also a prerequisite.

Dr. Kelman, who is also an assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology at New York Medical College, said: "The new technique with the emulsifier might be of some help in other medical problems: dissolving and aspirating gallstones, cleaning out cholesterol plaque-filled arteries, destroying and aspirating tumours." (The Kelman cataract operation is still in the developmental stage.)

"Using the microscope, our surgical methods have changed. Now that we have adapted ourselves to a static position, we must learn to manipulate according to each magnification employed. The old routine directions no longer apply. Surgical manipulations must be adapted to the individual case. We find that with practice we can dare to do more without increasing the risk. The microscope finally leads us to search for new surgical methods.

"One prerequisite for developing these new operative frontiers is to master the technical problems of the microscope so that we may make better use of its optical magnification."

In microsurgery of the eye under the higher magnification, the surgeon's hand can not perform manipulations as accurately as his eyes are are able to see that they should be performed.

Dr. Troutman said: "The microscope, the patient, and the surgeon must be in direct and stable relationship. The higher the magnification, the more important this becomes....There should be provision for attachment of a television or a field-focused motion-picture camera. There should be foot controls for changing magnifications, for microscope focusing, and for lights. A zoom microscope is necessary. These mechanical aides enable us to increase the speed, accuracy, and sensitivity of our surgical manipulations. Ideally, it should be possible, with automated instruments, to perform these surgical manipulations in microseconds rather than in minutes. It is probable that only through application of surgical cybernetic theory to the development of automated instruments may we eventually be able to eliminate or control optical or physiologic errors that now unavoidably accompany manual surgery, or to modify or correct nature's own errors."

SEVERAL OPHTHALMIC SURGEONS NOW HAVE UNDER DEVELOP-MENT ELECTRONICALLY GUIDED STEREOTACTIC INSTRUMENTS THAT ARE DESIGNED BETTER TO CUT AND OPTICALLY MODIFY THE EYE'S PRINCIPAL REFRACTING SURFACE, THE CORNEA.





PEOPLE ARE TAIKING AB()[]...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The shrewdness of President Nixon in immediately churning everything around until everything bears the distinct cast of a Nixon Administration. . . . The curare and compassion, the gentle beginnings and the later smarting wounds that no amount of Merthiolate could-cleanse, in the new book The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson by Eric F. Goldman, a distinguished historian at Princeton who spent a little less than three weird years as a Special Consultant to President Johnson. . . . "George of the Jungle," a Saturday morning television cartoon that has high school seniors adoring George and his teammates; a sexy girl named Jane, an ape with a British accent, and a character called only Super Chicken.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... In Yaoundé, above the jungled hills of Cameroon, the new nightplace La Fosse aux Lions, a shadowy lair where the young blades go for recaps of Aretha Franklin and Otis Redding, after they leave the Safari Club at Mont Fébé, a layered sprawl on a mountain with struts and posts of carved ancestral figures. . . . In France, Marlène Jobert, freckled and redhaired, in the new movie L'Astragale in which she is most femininely formidable.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . A marvellous movie, Salesman, a non-documentary, non-fiction, opinionated film by the Maysles brothers, whose most renowned documentary on Joseph E. Levine, the movie producer, has never been shown to the public in theatres; although presumably about four salesmen who sell Bibles much in the manner of those nineteenth-century sellers of the elixir of life, Salesman is a funny film about sadness, a cruel film about sensibilities, a patter-filled film about dumbness. . . . Auguste Renoir's "Portrait of Jean," his second son—at three, wearing a pink thing with a crimson ribbon in his long hair--the child who grew up to be a great movie director, the painting now in The Museum of Fine Arts at Houston, Texas.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The coming to American television of The David Frost Show, a talk-and-teeth marathon with guests and the celebrated Englishman who recently gave a \$12,000 party in London to celebrate the ending of his long affair with British broadcasting, including among his "2,000 close friends" the Bishop of Southwark who has cast doubts on the whereabouts of God's Heaven but knows, as he said driving a bumper car: "You can not be in the Church of England without being a good Dodg'em."

FORTY CARATS The brightest zircon on Broadway, Forty Carats has three baguette diamonds: Marco St. John, Julie Harris, and Gretchen Corbett, who shine in the most beguiling way in a French comedy that has taken out naturalization papers. The point of this amusing evening in the theatre—and the early Romans threw away the point—is that although young girls may marry older men, young men should not marry older women. As the older woman—forty years old—Julie Harris, discarding her toddler's tricks, has used all her technique to be a luscious, dimple-kneed maîtresse of comedy in this sexed-up numbers game, showing her beautiful little nut face. As the twenty-two-year-old, Marco St. John is a linear, dark-eyed absolute of male conceit, fresh, becoming, and strong. As the seventeen-year-old daughter, Gretchen Corbett has an angular intensity and good thighs. Although the play's French originators are Barillet and Gredy, their bitchery has been switched to American by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows who elected for gags and the right touch of vulgarity.

107 PENN





The Roll of the demmed, elusive pm

It makes you take notice when an elegant, obviously high-ranking man at a formal party in a setting of pale marble and gleaming chandeliers suddenly breaks away from rather starchy officials to slide down the bannisters—especially when he turns out to be the Prime Minister of Canada. Up there they call him "The PM."

After these years of picturing Canada as a good, grey, sensible, flat-heeled-shoes kind of a place, suddenly those unexpected pictures of their candidate kissing girls, chewing on a rose, kissing girls, pretending to choke himself with his tie, kissing girls. . . . You didn't have to be Marshall McLuhan to get the message. And what's more, he won.

Until a year ago, Joseph Philippe Pierre Ives Elliott Trudeau was the Spiro Agnew of the north. No point in looking him up in the Canadian Who's Who. He's not listed. Yet, in the past few months he has won control of the Liberal Party, dissolved Parliament, called for a new general election, and swept triumphantly into power "in his own write," at the head of the first majority government in Canada since 1962—all in one breathtaking swoop, like some kind of political flying saucer.

Trudeau has Canadian teeny boppers arguing the fine points of Federalism at the breakfast table. ("When I was that age," said one parent, "it was our parents who discussed those things and we listened.") His sayings, packaged in a small booklet, like Chairman Mao's, vanish off the book counters. Girls from eight to eighty hang around the sober Victorian Gothic heap that houses the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa as though it were a movie set. If they aren't clustered, squealing, around the "door he uses," hoping for a kiss, they're mooning in the galleries during House debates, after queuing up as though it were the opening of the opera.

In Canada they've got a man who has swum the Bosporus. He also skis, dives, skin dives, holds a brown belt in judo and a pilot's license, drives a powder-blue Mercedes 300 SL, and stands on his head at dinner parties. Weary of an endless spiel from his guide on a visit to Communist China five years ago, he suddenly leapt to his feet and executed a forward somersault. Asked by a youngster during the election campaign to name his favourite judo throw, Trudeau just seized him, before a stiff audience awaiting a formal speech, and laid him out with something called a septième de jambe, said to be frowned on in Japanese judo circles but highly regarded by the French.

He speaks English, French, and Spanish, and once regaled an audience of five thousand striking asbestos workers with the slang words for policeman in the dozen or so languages of the countries he had visited in his travels.

("I've scrounged around everywhere," as he put it.) It wasn't something he learned out of a book, either. Dressed in Arab garb, and without proper papers, he was nabbed in Jerusalem on suspicion of being a spy. He was arrested crossing the border of Afghanistan and, in his student days, for entering Yugoslavia with forged documents. (Tired of waiting for the official ones to come through.) He has been booked in Moscow for throwing snowballs at a statue of Stalin. ("I told them truthfully that I used to go to Ottawa all the time and throw snowballs at Laurier's statue and I was let off with a warning.") He spent two hours in jail in Montreal for refusing to identify himself to a policeman while strolling within five hundred feet of his house. He wasn't arrested for trying to row an open boat to Cuba from one of the Florida Keys, but the U.S. Coast Guard took him into custody so he wouldn't drown in an oncoming storm.

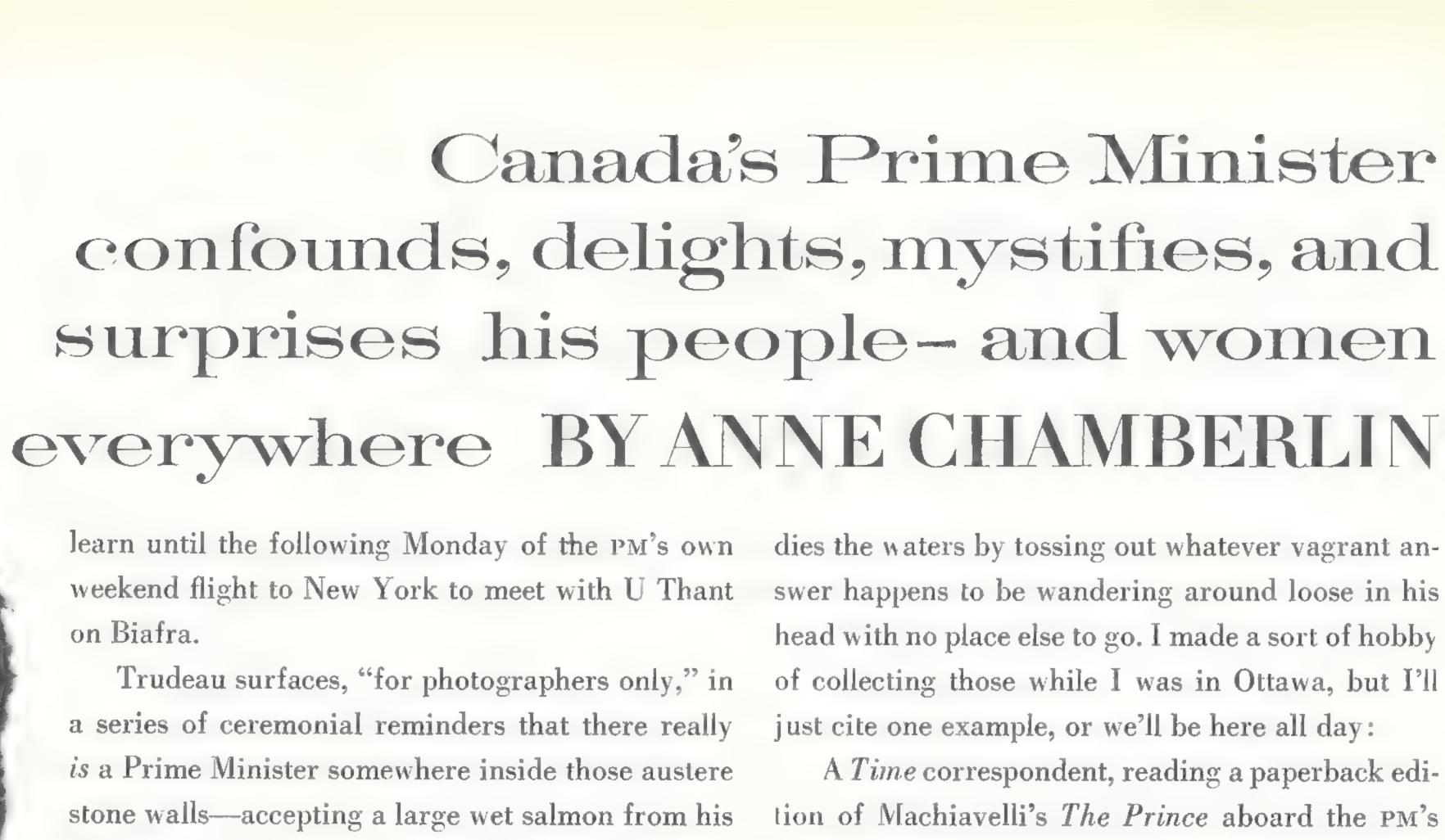
There was some talk, at first, that there was no such thing as Trudeau. He was just a whimsical invention of the Canadian reporters and television producers. As he said to the press: "To be quite frank, if I try to analyze it, well, I think in the subconscious mind of the press it started out like a huge practical joke on the Liberal Party. It seemed to me . . . as though many of you were saying, you know, 'we dare the Liberal Party to choose a guy like Trudeau.' . . . And what happened, I think, is that the joke blew up in your face and in mine. . . . Well, now you're stuck with me."

Now that he is in, he runs the most leakproof government anyone can remember. His ministers are a sort of DEW line, with orders not to discuss Cabinet business with the press, and even if they agree to see you, you learn they have studied inscrutability at the Master's feet.

"If I get elected," he said during the campaign, "I will make sure that this is one of the important reforms, so that there will be communications from the government down to the people and that there will be communication from the people up to the government."

He got elected, and Marshall McLuhan, Canada's one-man communications satellite, has been summoned to Ottawa to conduct a series of seminars with Liberal cabinet ministers, including the PM, on that very subject. The PM, who gaily spoke of what a grand place the official residence would make for parties, uses many of his evenings giving small private dinners for twelve or fifteen guests—students, intellectuals, businessmen—from all over Canada, keeping in touch. Newsmen and television reporters are not invited.

Nor were they, or Parliament, told, until two days after his return, that the PM had sent a personal emissary to Nigeria to confer on flying supplies to Biafra. Nor did they



Trudeau surfaces, "for photographers only," in a series of ceremonial reminders that there really is a Prime Minister somewhere inside those austere stone walls—accepting a large wet salmon from his Minister of Fisheries to honour Fish 'n' Seafood Month, being draped in an afghan crocheted for him by Mrs. Albert Dionne, eighty-six, of Montreal, accepting the key to the city with a polite facial tic as it is explained that it will unlock the bedrooms of Ottawa maidens every June. . . .

The PM is about as accessible as the Dalai Lama. The unrequited pleas for interviews are stacked up all the way to Kennedy Airport. Some of the Parliamentary Press Gallery regulars amuse themselves by weaving theories out of gossamer clues. "After all these weeks of watching him," one of them announced to me one afternoon, "I've decided that He Really Prefers the Cabinet Ministers Who Sit to His Left in the House of Commons."

"As far as I'm concerned," said another, who had covered his comings and goings during the campaign, "he is unmapped territory." The National Geographic map team, in fact, would find him the original Land of Contrasts. He thinks nothing of saying, on the spur of the moment to a television audience of millions, that it's ridiculous for Canada not to recognize Communist China, while his staff gasps at the back of the studio, then prefaces the mildest jest to a handful of newsmen with "off the record, of course."

Occasional senior Canadian experts have been led into his presence with their tape recorders, and to judge by the printed results, he sends them home with warmed-over spools of a mixture he's kitchen-tested before. The man from the Winnipeg Free Press, after two "serious talks" with Trudeau, concluded that he is "a man who seems so candid, informal, and gregarious and is actually more withdrawn and lonely in his thoughts than MacKenzie King, the Hermit of Kingsmere." He not only doesn't talk to the newspapers. He doesn't even read them. Says they make him uneasy.

With a low boredom threshold for inconsequential questions ("Trudeau is never rude, but when you talk to him you feel stupid"), he further mud-

A Time correspondent, reading a paperback edition of Machiavelli's The Prince aboard the PM's campaign plane chanced to notice, and to point out, how the cover portrait of the book resembled Himself. That very night, asked on a Montreal television late late show to name his favourite author, Trudeau answered: Machiavelli. Today, anyone in Ottawa or the outlying provinces can tell you as a solemn fact that, of course, you realize—and very revealing it is, too—his favourite author is. . . .

Even his age, something you'd think everybody would know, has ranged in print all year from a low of forty-six to a high of forty-eight, and was only conclusively pinned down last October 18, his birthday, in the House of Commons, as forty-nine. ("In his fiftieth year," as the Opposition phrased it.)

Trudeau is reputed to be a bon vivant and an accomplished connoisseur of food, wine, women, and song. In fact, he eats sparingly, drinks milk with his lunch, occasional wine with his dinner, keeps himself in iron physical condition, and abhors smoking. Amour? It is assumed, out on the periphery, that he is Don Juan personified. The only woman unequivocally on record as resisting his charms is the former Secretary of State of Canada, Judy V. LaMarsh, who said: "I wouldn't serve under the bastard."

Pierre Trudeau doesn't even look like Don Juan. He is rather slight and, viewed from the top, becoming quite bald. He wears his remaining fringe in a Napoleonic forward sweep that occasions his resemblance to Machiavelli. His face is more intriguing than handsome. With his high cheekbones, odd indentations, and rather sallow complexion he could pass for a Nepalese Sherpa. (And I forgot to

mention that he is an accomplished mountain climber and has paddled the wilds of Canada in a kayak.) In these exotic and slightly Oriental surroundings, his eyes seem startlingly blue and disturbingly penetrating. Women who have fallen under his (Continued on page 145)



Valley in California the children of the Aztecs stoop in the fields, like beggars. The migrants with torn clothes and worn faces picking grapes and onions hardly look like the sons of warriors. Who then are these men? "The last divine Aztec Emperor Cuauhtémoc was murdered and his descendants were put to work in the fields," said Luis Miguel Valdez, a young poet of the farm

workers, "we are still there, in the fields of America."

On Highway 99 through the San Joaquin Valley one sees them; the dark faces of the children squeezed into the chicken wire on the back of pickup trucks, watching the highway rushing away, always. Where are they going? All they ever see is where they have been. In the words of

they going? All they ever see is where they have been. In the words of "Little Mo

Luis Valdez's song:

Children are on the road in summers, winters and springs, crossing states and counties and cities that are foreign. Like swallows come down from the heavens they give themselves flight to their true desires.

There are laws that frown upon child labour, keeping the children out of the fields most of the time. Except at harvest time. The growers will then welcome every helping hand, the hand of the smallest child; for when the grapes are heavy on the vines and the plums are purple

Robert F. Kennedy. Senator Edward Kennedy sang its strike songs.

Luis Miguel Valdez grew up in the fields, a child of campesinos. As soon as he was old enough, he picked grapes in Delano, California, where he was born. He heard the night wails in the migrant camps and the sonorous songs of drunken joys of those who danced in the cantinas after work. He learned them as a poet will, and he remembers them as in a poet's dream.

"As a kid I can remember that Delano was a very different sort of town than it is now," he said. "There was a street several blocks long that had Mexican shops, a Mexican show, a Mexican dance hall. There were Mexican things for sale, Mexican candy, Mexican clothes, Mexican food. It was a place full of character—Mexican character.

"Little Mexico they called it. That's what it was. It resembled Mexico. It wasn't like we know California today.

"And then!" The young man shut his fist and jabbed the air with sudden anger, or was it despair? He squinted at his shattered memory. "Then! Six or our whole section of town was ripped away. The

seven years ago our whole section of town was ripped away. The freeway came through like a surgical knife and cut out the very heart of our side of Delano. Urban renewal?" he laughed with a flicker of his teeth. "For whom?

"A lot of people were upset," he said. "They had taken away our towns, our personality. It's not surprising that this town exploded and became the heart of the *Huelga*. They filled our hearts with emptiness. There is a contempt for Mexican things in the Valley.

"This is a society largely hostile to our cultural values," he said. "There is nothing poetic about the United States. No depth, no faith,

SCHIZOPHRENIA"

ripe, if the fruit is not plucked, it will rot prematurely or dry to prunes and raisins in the sun. Children are then beckoned to the fields. The families of *campesinos*, too, need every hand that will help them pluck enough earnings to get through the winter. Laws of child labour are superseded by the higher laws of survival.

Once, in one of his lives, Luis Miguel Valdez was one of these children. A young man with grandiose Pancho Villa moustache, a Brechtian poet, a union organizer, a sometime college teacher, an alumnus of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, and the director of El

Teatro Campesino, now renowned. ("A tough act to follow," wrote The Wall Street Journal.)
In November 1965, just two months after the Huelga in the San Joaquin Valley began, he established the Commedia dell' Arte of the farm workers: El Teatro Campesino. Established is too grandiose a word. In makeshift union halls and at roadside picket lines, with no scripts, no props, no stage, no experience, no actors, Luis Valdez created a theatre. Huzzahed from coast to coast, the troupe had engaged audiences from Stanford to Howard University, had starred at the Newport Folk Festival in Rhode Island and on television in New York City, had been awarded an Obie by the Off-Broadway critics, had performed before the U.S. Senate's Subcommittee of Migratory Labor and in the courtyard of the old Senate Office Building. It had performed at the invitation of the late Senator

no allowance for human contradictions, no soul, no mariachi, no chili sauce, no pulque, no mysticism, no chingaderas."

Luis Valdez had left the Valley when he was fourteen. Searching for what? He hardly knew. A freer life perhaps, or to flee the stigma of contempt for the "dumb Mex." He went to the cities. The young chicanos, the Mexican Americans, were leaving the little towns in the vineyards, hitchhiking out, joining the Army, looking for jobs in the cities, doing anything to get away, just wandering.

Education, everyone said, was salvation. His search led him, as it has so many bright, angered, restless young men, to the doors of a university.

Valdez suffered from "cultural schizophrenia," he said. And he described why he was forced to flee from the university: "I had an aunt who had worms crawling out of her stomach. We wrapped her in cloths, every day we wrapped her in cloths, but the worms kept crawling out of her stomach. I saw those worms. Then, when I went to college in San José, I was in a biochemistry course, and they showed us this film; I think it was an educational film about one disease or another. There was a boy with a bloated belly in the film, and there were worms crawling out of his stomach. I walked out of the class and I never went back."

Luis Valdez has a scathing laugh. It bursts from him unexpectedly, in a gust. It is ironic without being cynical, for he fiercely enjoys the irony. "That was no identity crisis. That was an identity catastrophe,"

he said. He wrote: "It is not enough to say we suffer an identity crisis, because that crisis has been our way of life for the last five centuries."

The odyssey of Luis Miguel Valdez led him back to the vineyards of Delano. He returned to search for his origins. He brought home his suitcase full of the remnants of his education in the university and Haight-Ashbury and the unfinished play, The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa, that he had written about his search.

"Life was absurd back then when I lived in San Francisco," he said. "Silly and tragic. I was trying to relate to the pre-hippie Haight-Ashbury, and I felt ridiculous. Moving back to Delano was a real, commonsensical act for me. I can not begin to explain how much it was like 'coming home.' Without sentiment, you understand, only clear-headed doing."

La Huelga had come to the Valley. The upheaval in the lives of the farmers and migrants brought about by the Huelga, the strike of the grape pickers, had loosened a half-century of apathy that had hovered over the barrios in the immobile heat. Like a summer storm the Huelga struck. It was not merely a strike but a bolt of lightning that illuminated the Valley with an ugly, brutal, and naked truth, and every town looked strangely newborn.

The prodigal was ecstatic. "Huelga means strike," Luis Valdez wrote, "with the poetic instinct of la Raza (the race, the people) the Delano grape pickers have made it mean a dozen other things. It is a declaration, a challenge, a greeting, a feeling, a movement. It is the most significant word in our entire Mexican-American history. If la Raza in Mexico believes in la Patria (homeland), we believe in la Huelga.

"You can see a new spirit in the people," he said. "Where they were shy and retiring and frightened about American society, now they're expressive, courageous, and determined. The farm worker who has never said anything is now speaking."

Valdez heard singing in the vineyards. No wonder: The campesinos marched to the *Huelga* every dawn in song.

No one had sung in the vineyards when Luis Valdez was a boy. It was not because they knew no songs or had no thoughts that sang. It is the heart that sings. Songs were for the churches and cantinas. Now the songs burst into the fields and unto the dirt roads with the coming of the Huelga—as in the fiests of the Saints.

On the picket lines there were rude paintings of the Virgin, Biblical sayings, and Spanish songs. Choruses were organized by the union, one for the men and women and one for the children. The union newspaper of the farm workers, El Malcriado (The Mischievous One, or The Ill-Bred) became an embryonic anthology of poems, stories, and essays. In the dull, dusty Valley there was a revival of campesino culture, said Valdez. He laughingly called it: "The cultural revolution of those who were too uneducated and too illiterate to know they were supposed to be culturally deprived."

Gusty, gregarious, and full of "genius and hot chili," Luis Miguel Valdez joined the Huelga. The feeling of wholeness that comes of being one of a whole people overwhelmed Valdez. "I was stoned with emotion," he said. "No kidding, it was a wild feeling." Soon after the Huelga began he started El Teatro Campesino.

El Teatro's actors were farm workers, the vineyards the stage, the drama improvised by the campesinos themselves. Felipe Cantu became the star performer. An obscure grape picker who had worked, he said, at everything from "a policeman to a clown," he is a volatile man, the father of seven children. He "resembles a Mexican version of Ben Turpin," said Valdez. "He speaks no English, but his wild, extravagant, Cantinflas-like comic style needs no words."

Yet another grape picker was Agustin Lira. Hardly twenty, an intense and sensitive young man, he became El Teatro's guitarist and



GEORGE BALLIS

THE INTENSE FOUNDER OF EL TEATRO CAMPESINO. THE THEATRE OF THE CALIFORNIA FARM WORKERS

BY STAN STEINER

poet. Lira's lyrics, "Yo no Le Tengo Miedo a Nada," (I Am not Afraid of Anything), and "Ser Como el Aire Libre" (To Be Free as the Wind) are gentle and bitter evocations of the wandering migrants:

When I was little,

My mother said,

Take care, my son,

Don't get in trouble.

Now that I am grown up,

These words pain me,

For life is long,

And I go through it crying.

There was an Indian cowboy, Errol Franklin of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Lean and thin, he had been a horsebreaker, fisherman, apple picker, short-order cook, and longshoreman before coming to the Valley as a strikebreaker. He joined the Huelga and became the mask maker for El Teatro, doubling as the stage cop.

"The Teatro by its mere existence condemns the real loss of the human talent, the deadening of the human spirit, the brutalization of the mind and body caused by the callous feudal exploitation that is farm labour today; El Teatro is somewhere between Brecht and Cantinflas," Valdez wrote in Ramparts.

Using gargoyle masks and loud signs the company acts out the actos. This idea is one El Teatro originated, as it did the theatrical form of quick, satiric, and baroque slapsticked-together morality plays of unionism. Each actor wears a sign of his character. ROTTEN GRAPE says the sign on the chest of one man who is picked from an imaginary vine and thrown into a garbage can by (Continued on page 143)

BARNETT NEWMAN

Revolutionary genius into American classic

sixty-four, Barnett Newman has become a classic, an internationally recognized painter only for some ten years. Ever since the end of World War II, however, he has been a revolutionary painter, a co-inventor of the New York School's "new kind of painting, most of it abstract," as Thomas B. Hess wrote in his new book, Barnett Newman. The Newman paintings and one sculpture will be on exhibition in New York at M. Knoedler's from March 25 to April 19. (The opening night is a benefit for the Frank O'Hara Foundation.) Newman had, Hess said, "a heartbreakingly difficult struggle to gain acceptance, recognition, and, finally, a decent living. . . ."

At first, the Abstract Expressionist painters with their dynamic, stained colours found passive indifference and, at times, aggressive hostility from most collectors, museum directors, and critics. Barnett Newman found himself the intellectual polemicist of that group of artists—scholarly and fighting.

Hess also wrote: Barnett "is a true aristocrat in that he was given, as it were from birth, the sense of who he is, what is his, where he belongs, and the freedom to laugh when he wants to, secure in the knowledge that he may have peers, but there are no superiors. He does what he thinks should be done and how he pleases to do it, whether it is running for Mayor of New York or engaging the most learned of iconologists in a battle about Latin grammar. . . ." This genius, this rugged, blithe anarchist, this amateur ornithologist once said, in rebutting a philosopher's observation on the symbolic nature of art: "Aesthetics is for artists like ornithology is for the birds."

BARNETT NEWMAN WITH HIS PAINTING,
"WHO IS AFRAID OF RED, YELLOW, AND
BLUE, III," 1966-1967. 8' x 17'10".

OIL ON CANVAS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN
NEWMAN'S FAMOUS FRONT STREET STUDIO,
NOW DEMOLISHED, IN NEW YORK CITY.



















wo bandstands, left, part of the smashsix pages, by Ara Gallant.

bangle of Julie Driscoll each band, of textured gilt metal. The narrow headband, shaded by suddenly longer bangs and sideburns -really little stick-on sprouts of hair. Headband, about \$8; headband worn on arm, about \$9. Both by Trifari. Saks Fifth Avenue. Stage d'or canteen, upper right, a shoulder bag, flat and round, at the gleaming stage—made of coiled golden braid. Held by a thumbful of rings-another good chance for inventiveness. Bag by Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique: to order, about \$85. The rings, all by Joseph Matuk. Danskin leotard and tights at Best & Co.; Marshall Field. Gaucho belt, lower right, bits and pieces of beige suèded goatskin, chains, a big medallion. Linked over a rust-coloured suède skirt with fringed hem. Belt by Estancia: about \$36. At Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Bullock's-Wilshire. Skirt by Ruza Creations; at Bergdorf Goodman: Meier & Frank. Tights by Danskin. Coiffures on these and the preceding

CCESSORIZE! INVENT WITH BANDS, LINK A BELT, TOSS A BAG





HAIR, FACE, FIGURE GOSSIP:

International

EDITION

That foxy commodity known as condition . . . to the hunt, to the hunt. Never, in the history of women, has the chase after fitness been so dauntless. And never such good reason. ... Beyond the quickened pace, there is obviously instigation in the new expanses of skin enjoying public revelation. . . . In Rome, where it's a safe bet to guess who's coming to any gala dinner will be at least one woman in transparent-leg pyjamas, the stress is on long, strong, supple legs, bodies that have outwitted surplus flash. Helping in the outwitting, Sbarra, Roman maestro of gymnastics, works out the beauties with weights attached to feet, an exercise system subscribed to by Luciana Pignatelli and Ira Fürstenberg, among other superb specimens. "Walking the Seven Hills of Rome," as one beauty analyst pointed out, would seem to give another assist to the fine Italian leg. Whatever makes it fine, the leg and its stocking, patterned or clear, is important underpinning, part of the buildup for the fine new Italian clothes. . . . In England, Hawkins Clinics are opening all over for physical therapy trackers who like electricity to do their exercise for them, and further British tranquilization appears to derive from a new Elizabeth Arden "relaxing" manoeuvre. . . . The voice of New York's Elizabeth Arden salon is by no means still in the body department. Miss Craig, exercise chieftain there, has produced a book, Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program For Men & Women, that made the New York Times' best-seller list, good exercise for any book. ... In 1959, Dr. Louis M. Orr, then president of the American Medical Association, said that the greatest danger to the health of Americans is obesity. The most popular literary wiperouter of this danger is The Doctor's Quick Weight Loss Diet, a little paperback of which there have been one million and a quarter copies printed. To get good marks in this diet, you eat high protein foods exclusively and drink eight glasses of water a day. . . . "Much more of your body fat is burned up than with other diets. This leaves in its wake the waste products or ashes of burnt fat. They must all be washed out of your system by water Wheaties boxes now carry aerobics instructions. . . . In Spain, they refer you to the fact that twenty years ago flamenco dancers were much heavier-looking, much larger. . . . In Australia, the young Sydney beauties build their summer bodies, pre-summer, on Bondi Beach, swim in the dawn surf, return to the sand for exercises and jogging. . . . In Japan, most new office buildings make provisions for sauma baths, where women go not only for weight but for skin care on the theory that sauna bathing helps keep skin young and supple. . . . In France and all over Europe, many remarkable older people credit something called K.H.3 for their mental and physical vigour. It's a capsule full of procaine hydrochloride, but don't bother rushing to your corner drugstore for some. So far, the ever-watchful F.D.A. says no to it in the U.S.A. (Continued on page 126)

THE HEAD WITH PULL

New pull for evenings stems from a wildly romantic, tug-at-the-heart mood. New heads in harmony are small and smooth (as here), the hair pulled strongly back from the brow as if by force of gravity. Then knotted high off the nape in a silky, soft skein that's drawn through scarf-tied loops to show a long, strong, tender length of neck. A little forward balance: the curving, chin-length guiches. Coiffure and makeup by Alba of Alba e Francesca. The utterly feminine dress pulling with it: a long black drift of gazar—full of movement—bordered with white organdie flamenco flounces. By Valentino. Satam fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.





BEAUTY bulletin the fine Italian leg Never in finer shape to wear the marvellous new stockings seen at Valentino's spring collection. Here, the flocking stocking—white dots on navy—that gave a pristine white dress the perfect buildup. White shoe is by Dal Cò for Valentino.

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY GOSSIP

(Continued from page 124)...The violets, blushing no longer in shadowy nooks. Barbra Streisand, for instance, wears violet-shaded eyes in Funny Girl....Britt Ekland, Swedish movie snowstorm, goes ultra-violet in the eye department. Pales violet on the brow bone, dusts it in the crease, gets more passionately purple on the lid Carita of Paris inveigles violet into pencil, liner, shadow, blusher, lipstick. Maquillage Cassis, Carita calls it, and, if you've forgotten that cassis means black currant, you will remember that cassis juice is more purply than black. Insidious eye manoeuvres are Carita's point. Her Violet Sourd liner proposes to be drawn along the upper eyelid in a broken line so that nobody can really tell it's there....In Rome, they have a strong feeling about glow vs. shine. Possibly because glow seems to come from within. And shine seems to come from without. Actually, it's a matter of terminology. Shine can just mean that wicked inner glands have struck oil. And man-made glow is quite easy to apply. Apply glow, in fact, is the dictum in Rome, where they start a gleaming blusher high on the face, smooth it from cheek to eyebrow level, a process which ups the cheekbones so effectively that nobody should suspect you had any help in your uplifting facial architecture....Alba, beautiful spokeswoman of the Alba & Francesca sisters, feels that no amount of skin treatment and clever maquillage works if the eyes aren't clear. Clear means the whites are white. Arctic white. The siblings Alba & Francesca have compounded a blue lotion that, pressed with cotton on a closed eye, tends to relieve the ocular congestion that makes one look tired, shot with blood in the wrong places.... In Europe and the U.S.A., the under-eye is the Great, Great showplace, Shadows are going there. The right shadows-faint mauves, iced mint, shy turquoise. False lower lashes have been made a really possible dream by silk-slender transparent bands with one-by-one hairs, feathered, curved downward, and looking for all the world as if you grew them in your own little hothouse. (Eylure and Mary Quant are two that grow them for you.)...But old-fashioned false eyelashes are still right there with us. From Australia, word from Dame Zara Holt, D.B.E.: "I even wear false eyelashes to bed. It's marvellous to wake up in the morning looking your best."...In Paris, the soft eye has been softened further-smooth beigy colour (often gentled with white) covering above-eye premises, lid to brow; same on lower lid. (Continued on next page)

THE COOL SEAFACE

Drifting in on a refreshing breeze of colour, this ravishing bit of sea witchery. Culled here, two Liqui-Cremes—a base called Sand that clings like wet silk, a new lipstick called Shell Pink polished to a golden burnish with a flick of Star Bronze. Adding to the glister of the dreamy face, opposite, Pink Colouring Stick glows the cheek.

Azure eye shadow reflects the sea. And all add up to the Charles of the Ritz Spring Sea Face...Fish for compliments are Indian tikkas—Body Jewelry by Thomas Robbins. At Paraphernalia.

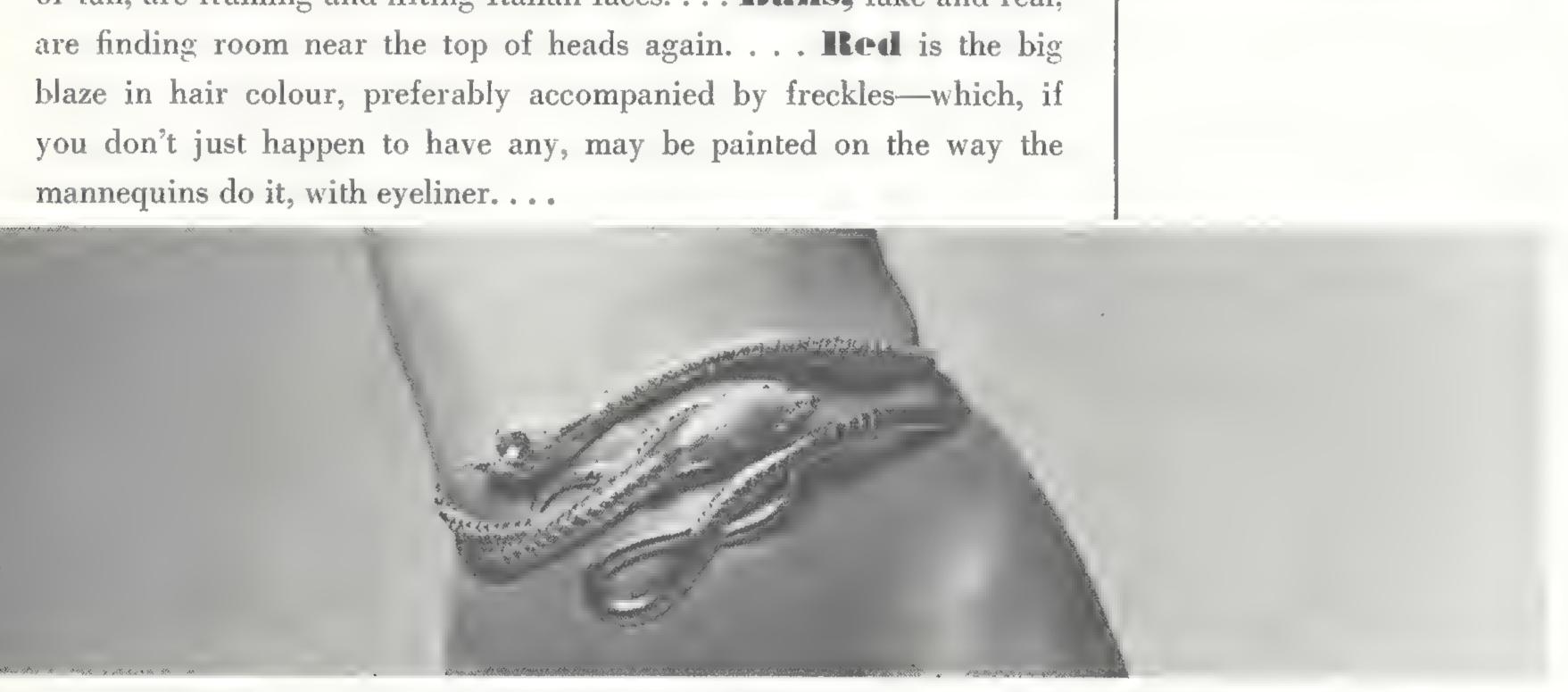




BEAUTY bulletin

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY GOSSIP

With the thought that clothes and face, face and hair, should and could tune in on each other more sharply, Dior has devised a highly person-to-person makeup system, gettable, for the moment, only in France. One Dior face at the recent Collections featured heavy shadows all around the eye, above and below; bright orange lipstick; reddish hair au bol. . . . The small head is the in-head, hair that pretty much follows the shape of its friend, the skull—no inflated crowns—whether the hair is short or long. Hair cut short and straight is a contagious hair way, round of crown and edges, often down to the eyebrows in bangs. Hair au bol is one of its names. Short hair, side-parted with straight sideburns, exposed ears, is the Eton look—see variation, right. Napoleon is back from exile in the form of chin-length hair, centre-parted, small bangs tossed to sides a look taken from a portrait of the young Napoleon. Long hair, celebrated for its affinity to pants and furs, continues to stream toward the waist. Twiggy's growing hers as fast as she can, visits a trichologist once a week to speed it on its way. (If you haven't been to a trichologist lately, know that, in England, a trichologist is a hair specialist who's very up on conditioning.) . . . Alexandre, the Paris hair artisan, has decreed that one postiche, one wig, one chignon constitute the minimum ready-to-wear hair collection. For Courrèges, he did up some witty Dynel wigs, square of cut, blunt of bang, and wild of colour. Courrèges calls them "crinières," and coordinates them with shoes. Chrome yellow wig with same yellow moccasins, acid green with pale blue—you get the psychedelics. . . . A splendid ashen hue is streaking the temples of chestnut-haired Roman beauties. And pin-in streaks, slender hanks of pale blonde anchored under one's own darker hair or fall, are framing and lifting Italian faces. . . . Buns, fake and real, mannequins do it, with eyeliner....



THE CITY EYE

Taking a cue from the electric undercurrents of the great metropolis, a year or so ago Jacqueline Cochran came on strong with an urbane way to handle city skin. Now with Urbane Eyes she adds new city eyelights. As witness the sparkler opposite, whose vibrant eye dazzle derives a certain amount of brilliance from Shimmer, worldly new Cochran ploy. A whip of silvery pink cream kindles the eyelid in soft incandescent glow, does groundwork for lustrous shadows to cling soft and sure. Here the gleam's two-pronged: light and dark Be-dazzle Blues. More lightwork comes in the form of Orange Taffy lipstick lit with Neon White; Tawny Brush-on-Color to glow the cheek; Stanley Postek's corded headband. At Henri Bendel. Kenneth hair.



the cropped schoolboy hair

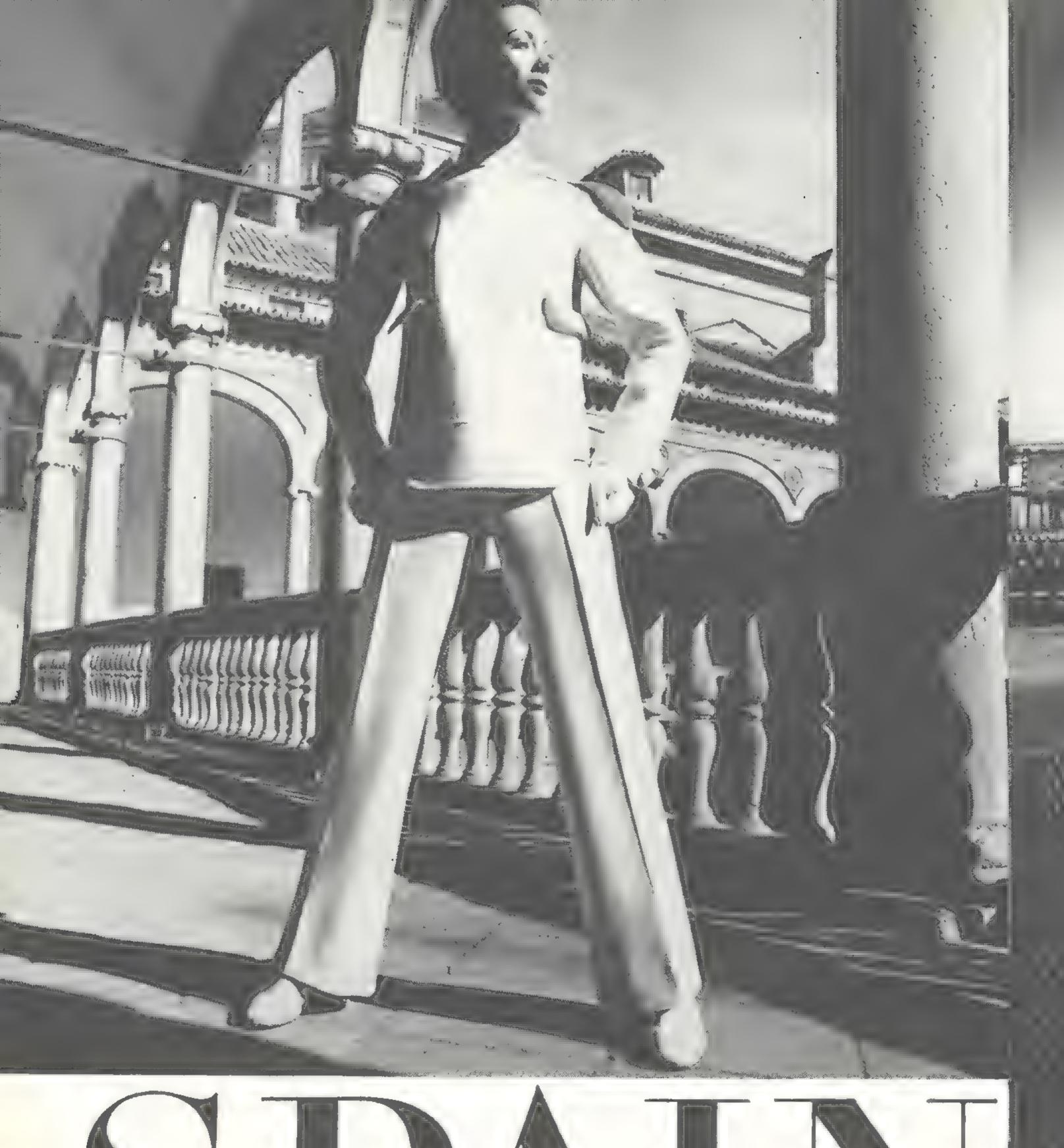
Here it is—the rage of Paris
—the new young head.

Small, sleek, an over-cropped
Eton schoolboy, snipped in
this instance by Alexandre
for Saint Laurent's spring
collection. The girls walk
tall and proud—hair flicked
over the brow, small-sideburned,
feathering lower to the nape.
Another rave: the bandaged
throat—in a long silk
scarf. Scarf, earrings:
Saint Laurent. **110**

serpentined

waist

Taut-as-a-whip waist taking
a snaky turn. Shown—
for impact on glorious
bare-boned bareness—two
golden Valentino reptiles
entwining the waist with fake
diamond- and coral-set heads.
Indispensable now—every which
way. Over great transparent pants
or clasped over a soft blouson.



WHERE FASHION IS CLEAN AND CLEAR—AND THE ROMANTIC TAILORS TAKE OVER

The splendid cuts of Spain-intricate, but with the effect of clean simplicity. Pants, a Spanish specialty. Purest dresses. Marvellous short day coats, alive with shape.... Elio Berhanyer, above: A pants suit of white double-faced wool. A top down to the hipbone with curved up sides, welted seaming, a cape back that curves like petals over the shoulders. Sharply creased pants. Cadena fabric. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. At Marshall Field. Photographed at the house of the Duque and Duquesa of Lerma, Toledo. Elio Berhanyer, upper right: Pyjamas of navy silk crêpe, slit to a V at the waist. Pants tapering wide. Long sleeves with wide cuffs, jewelled cuff links. Chains wrapped around neck and waist, meeting with a brooch, dangling medallions. Pyjamas of Cadena fabric. To order, Bergdorf Goodman. Setting: the museum of Lázara Galdiano, in Madrid. Carmen Mir, centre right: Long evening dress of champagne-coloured silk mousseline. Dress-top of shadow-smocking-stitched, pressed, un-stitched, all by hand. High neck, ruffled cuffs, long bias skirt of four layers. Pink satin sash, bow, streamers. At I. Magnin. Mitzou, lower right: Pants suit, all leather. Short coat and sailor pants of grey suède, a white kidskin shirt, tie striped in grey suède, white leather. Coat-lining same stripes, in silk. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston. The house: El Greco's, in Toledo. Elio Berhanyer, opposite: Another pants look by Elio the Swellio-white double-faced wool gabardine. Hip-length jacket with oval cutouts at the collar, pocket, cuffs, and belt that's welted on. Wide pants, attached to a bright-green silk shantung top with turtleneck. Attachable gold chain suspenders. Pants and jacket of Cadena fabric. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Photographed at the house of the Duque and Duquesa of Lerma, once a sixteenth-century hospital. Coiffures, here and the next two pages, by Hermanos Blanco.







PUZZIES

Editor's Note: Ivan Morris, chairman of the department of East Asian Languages and Cultures at Columbia University in New York, feels about puzzle collecting the way some collectors feel about stamps. He swaps some of his for some of theirs. In June a group of his puzzles, called *The Riverside Puzzles* because Dr. Morris lives on Riverside Drive, will be published by Walker & Company. Some of the twisters he picked from classmates in England, one from a teacher of Greek, another from a Chinese friend. Some he invented. These puzzles, Dr. Morris wrote in his Introduction, do not require any technical knowledge or advanced mathematical skill. He has put the puzzles into three categories: Brief Diversions, Hard Nuts, and Herculeans. To accompany them, Sir Hugh Casson, the distinguished British architect and artist, has made these line drawings.

DEVIL THE MIND



For many years Professor E. J. Senapa and Professor Sid Hews, who both live on Riverside Drive, have been meeting on Sundays for a friendly game of chess. They leave their respective buildings at three o'clock in the afternoon, walking towards each other at exactly the same speed and invariably meeting at 95th Street.

On one particular Sunday, however, Professor Hews is amazed to meet his colleague at 90th Street. "You've been cheating, Senapa," he says waggishly. "Yes," confesses Professor Senapa. "Today I walked exactly twice my normal speed." What is Professor Senapa's address? [BRIEF DIVERSION]

Let x be the number of blocks that the two professors must walk to reach 95th Street. From Professor Hews's remark it is clear that Senapa lives in a street with a higher number (i.e., further north or uptown). Therefore Professor Senapa lives at 95 plus x Street and 90th Street is equal to the distance between Professor Hews at 95 minus x Street. From Senapa's confession we know that twice the distance between where he lives and 90th Street is equal to the distance between Professor Hews's building and 90th Street. Therefore 2 [90 minus (95 minus x)] = 95 plus x minus 90, and x = 15. So Professors Senapa and Hews live on 110th and 80th Streets respectively.

Roger and Mabel go for a swim, both forgetting to remove their wristwatches. The watches are damaged: Roger's starts gaining thirty seconds a day and Mabel's stops entirely. If both of them decide never to set or repair their watches, which of the two will tell the exact time more often, and how much more often?

[BRIEF DIVERSION]

It will take 2 x 60 x 12 days, i.e., I,440 days, for Roger's watch to show the exact time again. During these days Mabel's watch will have shown the correct time twice every 24 hours, that is, 2,880 times. So her watch will have shown the exact time almost 3,000 times more often than Roger's.



The headmaster and his wife are giving a dinner party. Altogether a dozen people are to be seated at the long rectangular table. Is it possible—and if so, how—to place them in such a way that no two men and no two women will sit next to each other and that the headmaster and his wife will be seated opposite each other at the far ends of the table with no guest sitting beside either of them? [HARD NUT]

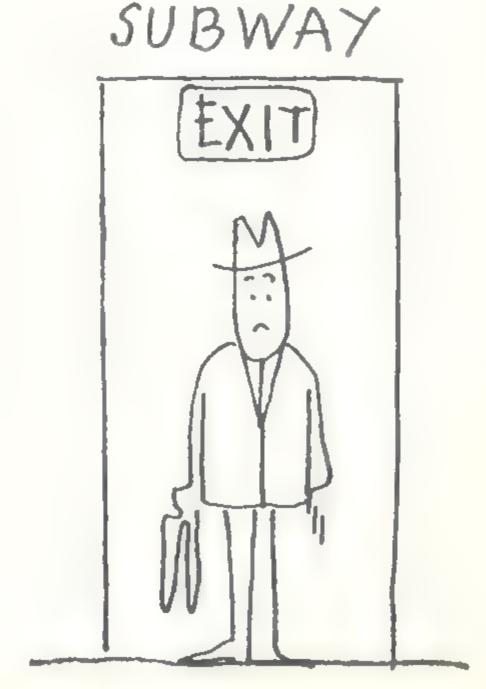
the far ends of the table.

The basic rule of placement is that $\frac{x-x}{2}$ must be an even number (where x is the total number of people at the table). If there are a dozen people, $\frac{x-x}{2} = 5$ and the normal seating is impossible. So long as the numbers on each side of the table are even, however, it is possible to alternate men and women. This can be done in three rays: (i) 6-4, (ii) 8-2, (iii) 10-0. The normal arrangement of 5-5 would not allow the headmaster and his wife to sit at

Brooklynites all tell lies; Manhattanites all tell the truth. Having got hopelessly lost in the subway, one emerges on the street and sees a passerby. He is either a Brooklynite or a Manhattanite, and one is allowed to ask him one short question (not more than four words) to find out where one is. What is the question? [HARD NUT]

be "No," regardless of the man's residence.

The you live here?" If one is in Manhattan, the answer will be "Yes" and, if one is in Brooklyn, the answer will



BY IVAN MORRIS

WITH SKETCHES BY SIR HUGH CASSON



Prison Governor: "I regret to inform you officially that you will be hanged during the course of this month, but you will never know in advance which day it is to be."

Condemned Prisoner: "Splendid! That means that I shall never be hanged."

Prison Governor: "Bother! So it does."

Was the prisoner's optimism justified? If so, why? And how should the governor have worded this statement? [HARD NUT]

marked, concentrates the mind wonderfully.

The prisoner is entirely correct. According to the governor's formula, the execution can not possibly take place on the last day of the month; for, if the prisoner survives until the last day but one, he must know that only one day remains for the execution (namely, the last day) and the governor has promised that he will never know the sible; for, if the prisoner lives through the last day but two, he must realize that the only day left for the execution in advance. Since the last day but two, he must realize that the only day left for the execution the sible; for, if the prisoner lives through the last day but two, he must realize that the only day left for the execution that said that he will never know in advance. Since the last two days of the month are disqualified, the prisoner realizes that the days of the month are reasoning. Working backwards according to this logic, the prisoner realizes that all the days of the month are ruled out. Obviously, the governor should have added the following words to his original statement, "unless, of course, it is the last day." The prospect of being hanged, as Dr. Johnson re-

Three professors of philosophy are seeking employment in a certain university. The dean informs them as follows: "I shall draw a blue or a white dot on each of your foreheads. If you see a white dot on anyone's forehead, please raise your right hand. As soon as you know your own colour, please lower your hand."

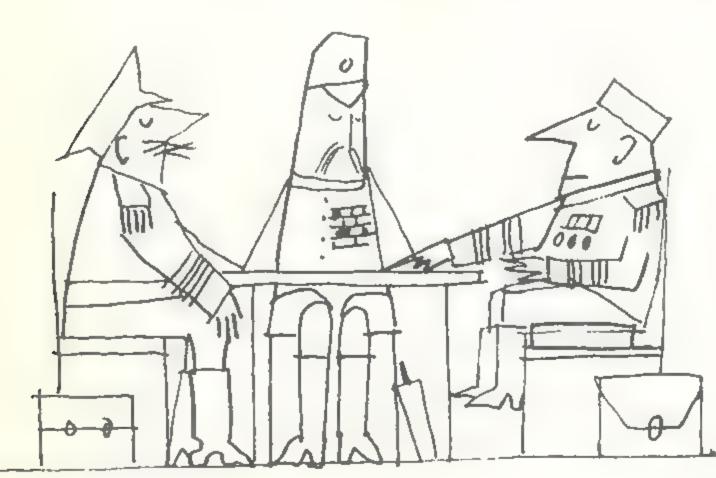
He puts white dots on all three professors, and of course they all raise their hands. Fairly soon one of them lowers his hand and declares, "Obviously, I must have a white dot." "How do you know?" asks the dean.

The professor's explanation wins him the job. How does he explain that he must have a white dot? (There are no mirrors in the room.) [HARD NUT]

The following alternative solution has been suggested by Michael Knibbs, Esq.: "Assuming that a professor of philosophy would allow himself to go through the tomfoolery involved, he might also take for granted that all candidates were being tested in the same way. Therefore, if the other two have white dots and he did not, they were being given another test. Therefore he must have a white dot."

Let us call the professors A, B, and C. Professor A reasons as follows: "Suppose my dot is blue. Then Professor B must instantly realize that he is white (else why would Professor C be raising his hand?). Since Professor A has not in fact lowered his hand, my supposition must be incorrect. I am therefore white."





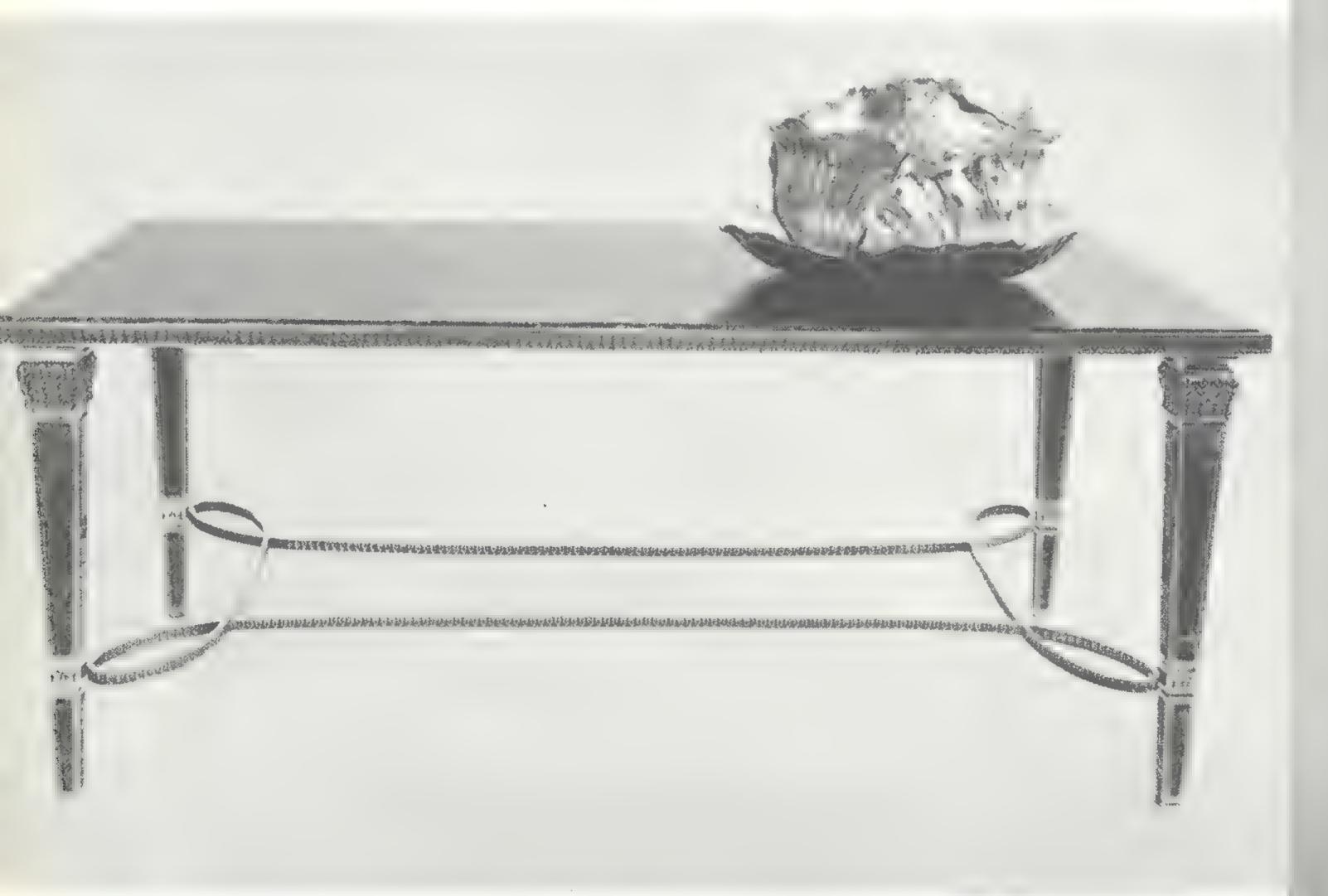
An ancient way of equitably dividing the spoils of battle (or anything else) between two people in such a way that neither has any justification for believing that he has received less than his fair share is for A to make what he considers to be an equal division and then for B to choose which of the two shares he prefers. How can an equitable division of this kind be made (without, of course, drawing lots) when three people are involved? Each of the three must be satisfied that he has received at least his share.

[HERCULEAN]

Let the people be A, B, and C. The important thing to remember is that all three have totally different assessments of the value of the spoils and of any divisions thereof. First, A divides the spoils into three shares, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, which he considers to be absolutely equal. B is asked which of the three shares he wishes for himself and then C is asked the same question. If they choose different shares (e.g., Nos. 1 and 2), they are asked to name their second choice, If their second choice is also the same (e.g., No. 1), they are asked to name their second choice. If their second choice is also the same (e.g., No. 1), they are asked to name their second choice. If their second choice is also the same (e.g., No. 2), A is given the share that neither B nor C wanted (i.e., No. 3), and B and C divide their first and second thoices between them according to the ancient way of equitably dividing spoils between two people. If—and this is the most complicated situation—their second choice is different (e.g., B chooses No. 2 and C chooses No. 3), then B and C divide No. 1 equitably and keep this as part of their final share; B then divides No. 2 equitably with A, and C divides No. 3 equitably with A,

ilver, in a white light

Silver has no out season, but some years it glows newly hot—white hot just now when the look of white metals cleaned, burnished to their lightest, brightest shine seems like new colour and new texture in decorating: a message so clear that even pieces of silver furniture have arrived (witness the treasure table of silver and lapis lazuli, below). The silver pleasures, right, have been buffed to the whiteness of spun aluminum. To underscore the point they are arranged in and around the open, manoeuvrable spunaluminum cubes and spherical section of Ruth Vollmer's disciplined sculpture "In the Relation Three to Four," recently on exhibition at Betty Parsons Gallery in New York. As for the pieces of silver: Some are for work, some for play, all for looks. As for that white-light shine, here are four clues to how to have and hold it: 1. Put silver away dry, drier, driest. 2. After silver has been polished with a good polish, rinsed, and dried, gleam it up with a jeweller's rouge cloth. 3. Store silver in air-proof transparent plastic bags or wraps. (Protects. Makes it easy to identify.) 4. Or, don't put silver away at all: The more you use, the more you clean; the more you clean, the better it shines.



This page, above: Magnificent silver inlaid with lapis lazuli or malachite; coffee table, one of several designs to order from Philip Colleck. Fat cabbage tureen and tray; Tiffany. Right: Low, spreading, fluted bowl; by International. In an aluminum cube, two hefty handsome candlesticks: Tiffany. Below them, a ten-ounce beaker, by Reed & Barton. Opposite page, from the left: In cube, long lean candlestick; Tiffany. Longer, leaner candlestick (its length, changeable) in silver plate; by Towle. For fun and profit, a shining rabbit bank; Cartier. The beehive, a tea caddy at heart; Tiffany. In front of it, a crisply cut sugar bowl (its creamer, off-stage); by Lunt. On the bowl, a graceful "Dover" dinner knife, part of Oneida's inventive new plan: Four good patterns have been made in both stainless steel and sterling, two white-light metals, for all possible permutations and budgets—an idea, named Matchmaker Plan, that has the same awesome common sense as pre-slicing bread. In cube, a plump, rounded goblet: Tiffany. Looking up, a great frog, for fun and wonder only; Cartier. Its jumping-off point, a massy sleek-lined double cigarette box; by Gorham. All pieces are in sterling silver unless otherwise described.

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DAVID MASSEY



MOGETTES OV

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

New York: You know Mme. Arpels's beautiful caftans from Morocco?—Now there's a occasional one made in sheer black mousseline-stitched was fortunate enough to capture one of them at Mme. Arpels's Aliata boutique, 665 Madison Avenue....

Rome: "It has looked so romantic . . . Italian women of all ages wear pants suits with any kind of fur coat, any kind of shoes or slippers, and look completely divine, especially and edged in gold bul- with hair straight and lion . . . Jackie Onassis streaming to almost their waists. . . . In the evening lots of transparent pants, absurd jackets, masses of very long, very full curly hair—spoiled Romans like to amuse themselves."...

Palm Beach: "Victoria Van Gerbig has the most sensational bedroom ... it's all acid green and church purple . . . a lacquered purple floor, canopy bed in floral chintz—green, lavender, purple . . . a purple covered chaise the dog sleeps on." . . . "Lydia Farr looked adorable in a black bikini dress—the brassière all glitter; the skirt of black wool crêpe cut on the bias, slit at an angle . . . and there was a little black wool weskit falling gently against the bikini top. Wow!"...

London: Bicycle chain belts -made of four rows of the real links—Czechoslovakian ones, as they cost half as much as the English kind-welded together and slung way down low around the hips. They're made by Chelsea beltmakers, Donald "Bones" Morris and Lloyd Johnson. Cost \$10.80 at Chelsea Antique Market. . . .

Nassau: "Sybilla O'Donnell at Lyford Cay pool wearing a black chiffon scarf tied like a halter, a bare midriff, a very short white poplin mini-jupe, Neapolitan sandals in white, higher-heeled. . . . The chiffon was slightly transparent—tremendously chic."...

Paris: **A sober chic everywhere . . . black pants day and night. Leather or harem belts turtlenecks over tweed sweaters. Long Indian muffler scarfs. Occasional antique jewellery on sweaters, otherwise bare." . . . "The men much more relaxed and inventive -wearing blue jeans of all colours, open shirts, and mediaeval hair."...

"Haven't you always wanted to wear them?"





cel mean chaps are just the best. 29 . . . And now, that Pam Zauderer is Mrs. Robert L. Sakowitz, and home is Houston, she's got a good reason to own a whole load of chaps. Like these, above, fawn-coloured calf traced in white filigree—divine! \$195. Hunting World, 247 East 50th Street. . . . Left, dove-grey is the shade of the buckskin chaps Pam found, \$70, at Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street....

Right, Pam, the rough rider, giving her new brown buckskin chaps a try-out on Kauffman's famous yellow horse. Chaps, \$60. Kauffman's Riding Equipment, 139 East 24th St. . . .

JACK ROBINSON



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE continued

Paris: What a lovely way to spend one day-



Above, "Hello, Hello." Georgina de Faucigny-Lucinge waves for us to join her in a daydreamy trip through the Miss Dior boutique . . . and she's got on one of the Dior delicious spring greens—a jumper the colour of apples and made of Ginza, the stuff that feels like kid leather. It goes over a cropped jumpsuit of white ribbed cotton, like a sweater ending in two legs. . . . All clothes on these two pages, from Miss Dior boutique, 11 bis rue François Ier. . . .

Pretending to skip into the Miss Dior boutique, play that the place is yours to possess. . . . Ahh well, this lovely little daydream is what Georgina de Faucigny-Lucinge is acting out for us here. . . . What a lucky girl! . . .

Below, Georgina tries out a culotte suit of tender green-and-white checked wool—the suspenders criss-crossed over a white cotton turtleneck, the jacket belted and buttoned in white.

. . . Miss Dior, 11 bis rue François Ier. . . .



EWA RUDLING







Above, Georgina de Faucigny-Lucinge dreaming of far-away romantic things. . . . How could one do anything else, when one is trying on an evening pyjama like this? A soufflé of lemon silk organdie—the tunic and pants embroidered in flowers—everything banded with flowers, too. . . .

Left top: What a soignée look—a pants tailleur of natural shantung . . . the simplicity of the jacket, just two patch pockets and superb cut . . . the pants, straight, straight. . . .

Left centre: Think of the colour of daffodils—the depth of that yellow.

... Here it is in a piqué jumpsuit, snug to the bodice, straight from the heightened waistline right down to the anklebone. ... In it, Georgina de Faucigny-Lucinge is as delicious as a spring sprout. ...

Left: Jumpsuits are for jumping with joy in—just as Georgina de Faucigny-Lucinge is doing here, swinging her luscious dark hair with abandon . . . the jumpsuit, navy wool jersey, big wide straps criss-crossed in back ending in buckles in front. . . . The jumpsuit, the gold belt, and all accessories and everything on this page, at Miss Dior, 11 bis rue François Ier. . . .





Zdravstvuyte! for Galya..., above: Let's all keep our eyes peeled and our hopes high for Russia's top model, Galya. Listen to what one knowledgeable observer tells us: "Galya has extraordinary style. And much is going to be made of her in the next few years...."



ELSA JOHNSON

Pow! on Penelope, above, whose wristwatch is not everybody's.

... It's a batman watch, and David Bailey found it for her on Times
Square at 42nd Street. ... Penelope? Penelope Tree, of course. ...

So hello? says Lotti, left: Here's Lotti Golden zinging a greeting—as all of us do—to Nathan's hot dog house, now that it's come from Coney Island to Times Square. . . . What Lotti's wearing is one of the best of the new long lines—a sweater-coat of navy-and-white jacquard jersey; \$85. Super pants of navy jersey, \$60. Both by Sonia Rykiel at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . . The Indian print silk muffler, \$20. From Odyssey, 49 Greenwich Avenue. . . .

ROBINSON

Luis Valdez

(Continued from page 113)

another man whose sign says, ESQUIREL (squirrel, the campesino epithet for a strikebreaker). The lines are burlesqued. It is "proletarian pantomime," wrote the critic for The Wall Street Journal, but that is because he could not understand the Spanish. Neither could a Spaniard. It is the patois of the campesino world of jukeboxes, fiestas, and soap operas on Mexican television. It derives from the oldest theatrical tradition, the symbolism of Aztec rituals and of evil and good, the heaven and hell typecasting of the church plays of Spanish Catholicism.

Such theatre has deep roots in the Western deserts. On these ancient lands the earliest native plays and poems and books on American themes were written.

"Theatrical performances began in Mexico shortly after the arrival of the Conquerors," wrote Riva Palacio, the Mexican scholar. "In all religious and political celebrations care was taken to include some sacred comedy, or Corpus Christi Play, which was usually performed in the open air." Indians were the actors, Palacio wrote, and they performed "in their own language."

And there were the fabulous horse-plays of the Southwestern settlers. In these spectacles a poetic script of romantic oratory was wedded to the derring-do of a dramatic rodeo. They were performed in the fields, with armies of villagers in supporting rôles.

El Teatro Campesino did not spring innocent and ignorant out of the San Joaquin Valley, nor even out of the ingenious mind of Luis Miguel Valdez. The young poet of the *Huelga* knows this. He said:

"Once we had our own gods. We had Quetzalcoatl. Then Western civilization came with new gods: Well, the Indian conversion is a matter of history. What happened to that ancient view of life? Does it influence us? I think it does.

"The conquest of Mexico was no conquest at all. It shattered our ancient Indian universe, but more of it was left above ground than beans and tortillas. Below the foundations of our Spanish culture, we still sense the ruins of an entirely different civilization.

"Most of us know we are not Europeans simply by looking in a mirror—the shape of the eyes, the texture of the hair; these things belong to another time, another people. With a million little stubborn mannerisms, beliefs, myths, superstitions, words, thoughts—things not easily detected—they fill our Spanish life with Indian contradictions."

And Valdez added, "The old Aztec universe was a universe of contradictions." He gritted his teeth. And his grin became a grimace. The young man with the big cigar—he is a chain smoker, or chewer, of long Cuban-style cigars—took the cigar out of his mouth to think aloud.

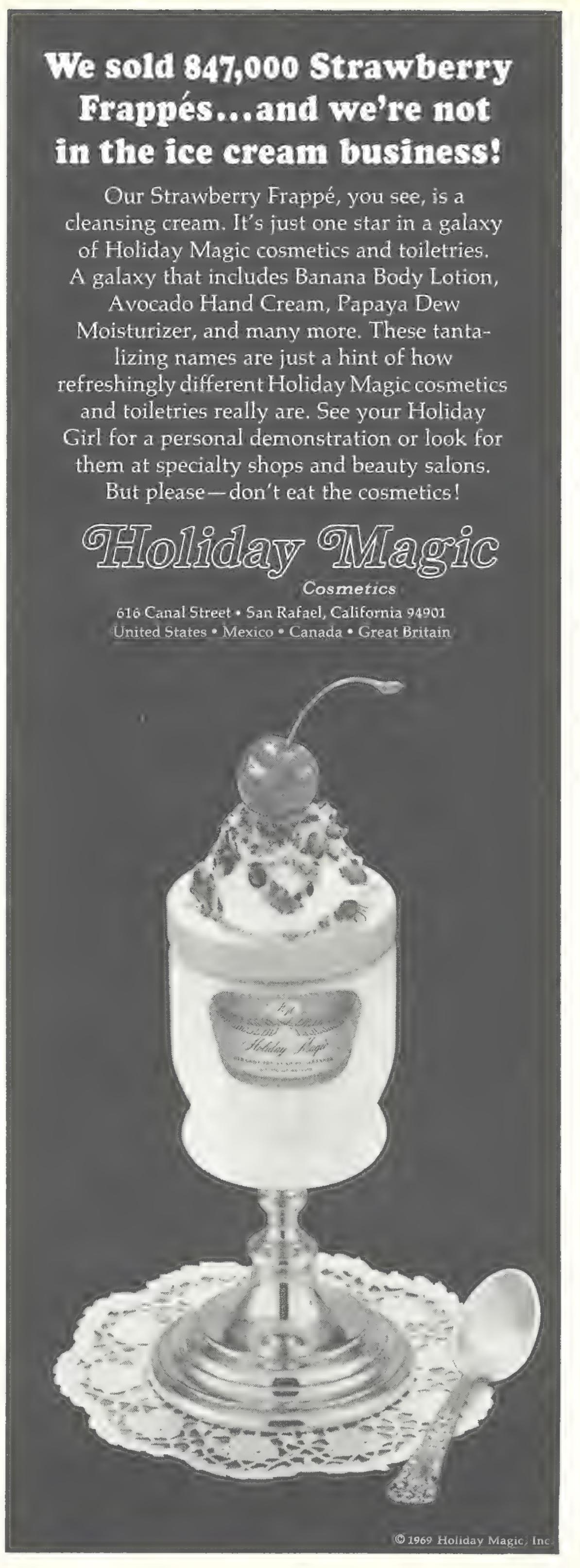
"Somehow, away from this chaos, away from this American life, back in my memory, there's a more stable life, full of traditions, of beauty, with a human view of people. It's kind of foolish. How can I have a memory of the Aztecs, of Mexico? It's a feeling more than a memory, though it feels like a memory.

"Culture? What about culture?" he continued. "It is akin to a political act, when a man stands up and takes his life in his hands and says, 'I am going to change my life.' That's what culture is all about. I feel that before you get any political act out of a man, that man has to feel a certain pride in himself. He has to touch his own dignity, his own destiny.

"La Raza needs the arts to tell itself where it is," he said.

"The arts are largely prophetic. Even the Teatro. Many of the things we do on stage now prefigure the course of social action that la Raza will take in the future. We have been organizing the organizers. Let me explain that: The Blacks have a tradition in the arts that is as old as the country. Theatre, poetry, novels, essays, paintings, music—they have been expressing what they feel for a long time. Black liberation is predicated on ideas that have gone before.

"We don't have that," Luis (Continued on page 144)



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Luis Valdez

(Continued from page 143)

Valdez said. "There is no chicano leader who has put his finger on our problem because we have lacked the poets, novelists, and essayists that prefigure the appearance of such a leader of leaders."

Luis Valdez and his troupe have joined the migrations of the poor campesinos, going north to the village of Del Rey near Fresno, California. A tiny village of one thousand, it lies hidden from the highway. Near the village there are two dozen more villages of migrants. In the grape harvest season the countryside is home to tens of thousands of migrants living in the camps, by the roadside, under the bridges.

Why bury his theatre in so godforsaken a rural ghetto?

The contempt is only in his eyes. His voice is weary with the reply he has so often given: "We are not aspiring to Broadway. We aspire to build a theatre among our people. That's the whole bit about El Teatro. We are not a theatre for farm workers, farm workers are our theatre," he says. "Besides, we are trying to build something bigger than a theatre."

In an old brick building on the corner of Wildwood and Morro Streets Luis Valdez is building the Centro Campesino Cultural. He added: "In English you could call it La Raza Folk Cultural Center. But it will be more than that. Someday it will be a centre for chicanos all through the Southwest."

The building is dilapidated and threadbare. In its inauspicious interior, hardly 50 feet by 50 feet, "We have our art classes—life drawing and children's art," Valdez said. "We have guitar lessons. We have our Teatro. We have 'history happenings,' every two or three weeks, dealing with the history of la Raza.

Workshops for farm workers are envisioned; classes in the making of woodcuts, murals, and sculpture; photography and language classes; and the writing of a "primer and colouring book" to teach "the young Mexican American his twenty-thousand-year-old heritage."

"Campesinos are far from 'culturally deprived,' " says a brochure of the Centro Campesino Cultural; "They possess and live within a 'culture'—one that is, however, largely unfamiliar to the mass of Englishspeaking North Americans. . . . The Mexican American farm worker in the Southwest has long been denied the tools of [his] cultural expression . . . El Centro Campesino Cultural is an attempt to hand over these tools —the tools of the arts—directly to the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest. . . ."

Poverty is what most people think of when they think of campesinos, if they think of them at all. The campesinos live in huts and makeshift trailers, in colonias without water, electric lights, or sewers. They are hungry for bread half the time, or meat, or a drink of wine. The children are poorly schooled and parents often illiterate, and the television sets broken.

Why talk of the poverty of the poor? Valdez said: "Everyone knows the poor are poor. That's no news. It's our way of life."

"Chingaderas!" he exclaimed. "Here in the United States, la Raza is confused by the bourgeois chingaderas all around. The car, the house, the furniture, the TV—all these things are chingaderas, because they are the secondhand, used objects handed down from the genuinely bourgeois life of your prosperous middle class. I am using Octavio Paz's definition of chingada, meaning not merely the 'Great Whore' but a place of broken-down things faraway and distant. . . . We don't need the scraps of your culture.

"There are beautiful things in our lives," he said. "We have had them in our past and we will have them again. We will create our own 'flowers and songs.' "

But the old building of the Centro Campesino Cultural is not yet blooming with "flowers and songs." Luis Miguel Valdez sat down to write a letter: "The roof is leaking again," he wrote. "I mean the ceiling. The neighbours upstairs pour water all over the floor in an effort to drown the cockroaches. The water is flooding part of my desk."

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spell say things like, "His eyes are the main thing you notice . . . with one glance he looks through you and sees what you are and pegs you." My own feeling was that his gaze was like a searchlight guarding a locked steel gate. He sees out. But you don't see in. The effect is heightened by his reticence. Even aides who have worked long and closely with him find they can still be undone by his silences. "You begin to think you have been babbling like an idiot," one of them told me. "And then you find that he's just been listening to what you've been saying."

Pierre Trudeau's Eastern Monasticism, for want of a better word, goes beyond the cast of his face. Although he is an ardent Catholic (and relentlessly anti-clerical) he is deeply attracted by Buddhism and the philosophies of the East, and requires solitude in the way most people require sleep. In pursuit of it he has a highly developed ability to vanish in thin air. He dropped out of sight last Easter and was finally smoked out by enterprising Toronto Daily Star reporters, registered under someone else's name in a Fort Lauderdale motel. His office, of course, doesn't even have fingerprints.

There are two offices. The one in the Centre Block, the main Parliament building, has panelled walls and behind the glass doors of the bookcases a scattering of bound volumes of Debates, which look as though they had been accidentally left behind by the movers.

The office in the East Block has stark-white walls, a few bright modern abstractions on loan from the National Gallery of Canada, a carved ivory tusk from the Cameroon, which the PM got when serving as substitute official greeter before becoming Prime Minister. On a nearby table, as evidence of what he reads besides Machiavelli, lay the Montreal telephone book.

As a political campaigner, Trudeau set all Canada to squealing and jumping in the streets and he usually delivers a speech as though he might fall asleep before the last page. A brilliant and incisive writer, he spent years editing an intellectual magazine but makes no pretense of composing his own speeches. ("He sure lets us know if we turn in a bad one," one of his ghosts assured me.)

The Prime Minister much prefers the unstructured give-and-take of chance encounters, which he goes out of his way to seek out. Under the stimulus of these encounters he tends to toss off the freewheeling analogies that keep his staff busily button-holing reporters afterwards for a session of "what the PM really meant was. . . ."

How has such a fiercely private and enigmatic man landed at the top of the Canadian government? Even if you believe only half of it, the Pierre Trudeau path to power has got to be one of the most roundabout and altogether peculiar trails of our time. It is not necessary for Canadian political figures to be born in a log cabin, and he was not. His father, Charles-Emile Trudeau, made a fortune in a huge chain of service stations. His mother, whose maiden name was Grace Elliott, was the daughter of a Scottish father and a French-Canadian mother. The family lived in a big comfortable house in Outremont, the staid enclave of Montreal's French-Canadian élite, where his father died when Pierre Trudeau was sixteen. Never married, the Prime Minister continued to live in the Outremont house with his mother until very recently, when he took an apartment downtown.

Trudeau's mixed inheritance made him equally fluent in English and French, although quite a separate person in each. In French he has the incisive, mordant, classical eloquence of his Jesuit schooling in Montreal and his graduate studies in France. Rather than the rolling accents of Quebec, he speaks with the measured cadence of De Gaulle. "He not only uses the imperfect subjunctive," one aide remarked in that connection, "he uses it on television." In English, which he speaks with a slight accent, he is softspoken, faintly diffident, with unexpected bursts of "you guys,"

"lousy," "bloody," and "so's your old man" in the midst of otherwise Old World prime-ministerial sentences. (To be sure, he has spiced some French speeches with words like "connerie" and "emmerder," which are so naughty in English that they're not even printable in most magazines.) His best word in either language is a sort of Gallic half-shrug, with full-body English.

Trudeau communicates with his younger brother, Charles, a Montreal architect, in French; he addresses his older sister, Suzette, married to a Montreal dentist, in English, and has said, "I would have been a French Canadian by adoption if I hadn't already been one by birth."

Because the PM has a moneyed background, he signed up early as a dedicated, card-carrying enfant terrible, which only the splendid misery of high office has begun to curb. At school, he applauded the outcome of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. which in Quebec is like booing Paul Revere in Boston. Evenhanded, he was a prime suspect when the Union Jack was burned in the schoolyard. After taking a law degree at the University of Montreal, he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, the London School of Economics, and Harvard. ("I had no idea until I got to Harvard," he has said, "how far behind we were. I'd thought that if I just went along and learned my Latin and Greek, I'd be all right. But now I felt-well, gypped. . . . At Harvard, and later even more so, my eyes were opened to what we'd been missing in Quebec, and I didn't like what I saw.")

After that came his triumphal tour of the world's many police stations. He returned from his travels wearing a red beard, a Sikh turban, and hippie clothing before hippies were heard of. When first elected to Parliament. he shook the membership by showing up in sports shirt and sandals. He wore an ascot to the Governor General's formal garden party. Now he wears sober suits from Savile Row, with a faint rakish whiff of Boul' Mich' to the cut of the jacket. He wears

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a fuzzy grey sleeveless Shetland pullover if he thinks he's coming down with a cold. Although his Montreal tailor revealed that he ordered a \$1,500 natural unplucked otter overcoat, the fabled flower is seldom at his lapel. He did sniff on a white carnation while his Finance Minister read the Budget message, and the Finance Minister wore a yellow boutonnière, which got dubbed the Yellow Rose of Taxes.

Trudeau cut his ideological teeth during the bitter Quebec asbestos strike of 1949—not at the bottom of a mine shaft, but in the lecture hall and courtroom, giving legal advice and philosophical encouragement to the miners. He later directed a massive sociological study in French on the subject, analyzing the history and attitudes of Quebec's reluctant and turbulent entry into the Industrial Age with the detachment of a brain surgeon. Not everyone in the Library of Parliament has been up to this volume. I had to bring a knife over from the hotel coffee shop to cut the pages. When I told him I'd read it, he just clapped a thunderstruck hand to his forehead.

In 1950, with Gérard Pelletier (now Secretary of State), Trudeau founded Cahiers de Cité Libre, a crusading French liberal intellectual review, which started with a capital of \$300 and a circulation of only five hundred. By 1960 it had a circulation of five thousand, bishops were forbidding their flocks to read it, and university professors didn't dare write for it for fear of losing their jobs. Trudeau's own articles reveal a tough mind able to gather a whole messy swatch of history, economics, and politics, and force them to march in locked step toward an inevitable and usually sombre conclusion.

There is nothing ephemeral about where Trudeau has stood on things. It's all down on paper. He thinks Quebec ought to string along with the rest of Canada. He thinks French Canadians have been so busy blaming the

English for their problems that they don't even know the rights they have already acquired: "Look at the uninterrupted mediocrity of our representatives in Ottawa." He has railed at the Liberals for trying to pass themselves off as Conservatives; for spending so much energy in doctrinal quarrels that they can't get elected. In 1963, outraged that Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson accepted nuclear warheads on Canadian soil after the Liberal Party Caucus had repudiated them, he announced he was casting his vote for the New Democratic Party.

Two years later, Trudeau, Pelletier, and Jean P. C. Marchand decided not only to join the Liberal Party, but to run as was a noisy divorce from their colleagues in the pages of Cité Libre. The threesome were variously dubbed: The Three Doves "who decided to make their nests with the Liberal vultures of Ottawa," The Three Wise Men, The Three Sparrows, The Three Just Men, and The Three Clean Men. Furthermore, they all won. (Mr. Marchand is a member of the Cabinet as Minister of Forestry and Rural Development and he sits to the PM's left.)

By all the rules of the game, Pierre Trudeau, M. P., should have spent the next years in respectful obscurity as a backbencher. But his star (Libra) was on the rise. (He scorns Zodiac talk.) Prime Minister Pearson appointed him his executive assistant, and later named him Minister of Justice.

In this job Trudeau recruited a formidable team of outside experts for the constitutional review getting under way. After an exhaustive round of quiet offstage face-to-face sales talks with the membership, he steered a broader divorce law through Commons without a dissenting vote. He introduced, with one of his celebrated epigrams ("The State has no business in the bedrooms of the nation"), a new criminal code that relaxed laws against abortion and homosexuality. He made a brilliant case for Federalism at the Quebec Liberal meeting in Montreal, and, somewhere along there, the press began to discover the unorthodox figure gadding about. By last April, with the Liberal Party leadership up for grabs, he had begun to look like the Man Who.

Even though it appeared that

way, Trudeau didn't exactly sit back, sniffing on a rose, waiting to be summoned from the wings. He and his highly sophisticated managers gave destiny a nudge. At the opening of the convention, while the other contestants entered with bands, Pierre Trudeau, as Christine Newman, a political writer, wrote, "Crept in like Jesus Christ," with homemade banners, a few pretty girls—a Children's Crusade. Afterwards, she said, it was discovered that at the core of this casual outfit Liberals for Parliament. There was a "highly controlled machine and very clever plan focused on making one feel that a vote against Trudeau was a vote against the Canadian future." For the Friday night floor demonstration, Trudeau suggested they scatter—to look like spon-

taneous support everywhere.

These facts hardly constitute an explanation for Trudeaumania. But it takes at least two for a love-in, and it's only after you've been there a while that you realize the extent of Canada's yearning to be swept off her good, grey, sensible feet. Everything in Canada has seemed to be coming unstuck. The British North America Act, which has bound the country together in a loosefooted Confederation since 1867, has suddenly begun to creak ominously. Canadians are headed, slowly, in the direction of a new Constitution, as a better framework within which to operate. The PM's years of theoretical study have made him a skilled constitutional technician.

Canadians are agonizing over their relationship with the Commonwealth. The PM has approached this issue with an oblique backhand. He offered, without comment, the first Speech From the Throne in Canadian history that made not one mention of the Queen. (If you can't volley, as it says in Gamesmanship, wear black velvet socks.)

Quebec's threat to cut itself off at the dotted line is ominous-

ly real. And the PM represents a living, breathing case for Federalism, not only in his writings but in his person. The fact that he speaks English puts the English Canadians at ease; having a French Canadian as Prime Minister assuages the French Canadians.

Since he was born there, he can say things about Quebec that would get other Canadians stoned in the street. He gets away with calling them "this backward little people" and pointing out that they speak "lousy French" (duly translated in French Quebec newspapers as "français pouilleux"—afflicted with lice). At the same time, speaking in both languages, he presented in Parliament a bill to make both languages the official tongues of Canada. He sees bilingualism as a practical means of persuading French Canadians to feel at home in the rest of Canada, instead of feeling sorry for themselves.

Not the least of Canada's problems is its life next door to the United States. When you look at it from Up There, sharing this continent with us is about like sharing a small apartment with an overgrown Saint Bernard dog, whose head hasn't caught up to the size of its feet. Every time it wags its massive tail the bric-à-brac goes crashing in a shower of shards. Trouble in the grain market? Canadian wheat hits bottom. Problems in the automobile business? Canadian sales are the first to slump. As Pravda's new man in Ottawa glumly cabled his office: "Everywhere you look, it's the same American monopolistic imperialist brand names."

Culturally, across that long unguarded frontier, Canadians are stuck with our movies, our rock 'n' roll, our television programs. When they travel abroad, they get mistaken for Americans. It's bad enough, as a friend of mine said, to be mistaken for an American when you are one.

They can talk about an independent foreign policy, but if their Gargantuan neighbour stumbles into nuclear war, how do they know some enemy hothead won't mistake Toronto for Detroit? In his first speech on

foreign policy, the PM said he didn't fear the Communist juggernaut in Europe as much as the backlash of violence from our cities. There they've got a long way to slide. In Canada they still think Mace is a spice.

When I was there, the PM undertook to fly to Windsor, Ontario, across the river from Detroit, to a testimonial dinner honouring that Liberal Party stalwart, Paul J. J. Martin. He invited not one but two former Prime Ministers, Mr. John G. Diefenbaker and Mr. Pearson, and their wives to come along. With this high-powered cargo, the plane had to circle nearly an hour, with a reception committee waiting below on a wet runway, because of the heavy air traffic stacked up over Cleveland and Detroit. Would the class like to take a moment to picture Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Nixon stacked up in Air Force One, waiting for Canadian air traffic to come unsnarled?

Viewed from the North, about the only evidence that God is a Canadian is the fact that it's the American side of Niagara Falls that's about to collapse. In the winter of this discontent, Pierre Trudeau gleamed like the Knight Whose Armour Didn't Squeak. "Suddenly," as one Canadian newsman wrote, "people across the land looked at their living-room sets and said, Trudeau-that's us. Not American, not British, not yokel but cool, sophisticated, brilliant, and bilingual. . . . Is that really us? Of course not, only a projection of the common man's ideal. He sees himself in Trudeau-rich, worldly, modern, intelligent, and (for those with a wife) still a bachelor."

From the PM's standpoint, of course, after fifteen years of joyously sniping at the Establishment from the outside, he faces the crunch of putting his theories to the test. It's as though we suddenly turned Washington, D.C., over to Walter Lippmann.

"I still think I was, by and large, right in '63," Trudeau said. "Not in calling people idiots, this is easy, and you don't do it unless you are an academić.... I think you play the game by different rules when you're sitting in a university and when you're not. When you're sitting in a university you must seek to state the absolute truth, and when you're sitting in a politician's chair you must seek ways to accommodate the absolute truth to the facts around you. This is the difficult job of a political life." Yesterday's flaming pamphleteer is already today's wily pragmatist. For his old Liberal intellectual colleagues the logic is inescapable: By being elected he must have compromised his ideals or he wouldn't have been elected. "While you're a student," a bearded youth explained to me in a cafeteria, "you're part of the intellectual élite. When you graduate you're a bum. Students don't think much of Trudeau for that reason."

The very charisma that swept Trudeau into power is the biggest danger he has to face and at the root of thoughtful foreboding among his opponents. "Are we going to start choosing our leaders because they have some talisman over the idiot box?" "Some crisis could come when he must have Parliament with him, yet he seems to regard it as an obstacle to be pushed off to one side. If the opposition doesn't find its natural expression in Parliament it will weaken and divide the country."

What about all those young people he invited along on a "voyage of discovery" during the campaign? And how can their exuberance be deflected from himself?

"This week it might be me, another week the Beatles. The young people and television chew up their heroes pretty fast," he said to me from behind those one-way blue eyes, as he put on his rubbers, his yellowpatterned scarf, and his belted leather coat. His Viscount had landed and he was preparing to drop out of sight in Montreal.

The way he said it, I could tell he meant it. And I was pleased to be promoted to the ranks of the intellectuals with tape recorders who have tried to take the measure of this man. From my diligent study of the literature, I knew it was a phrase he had used at least three times before.

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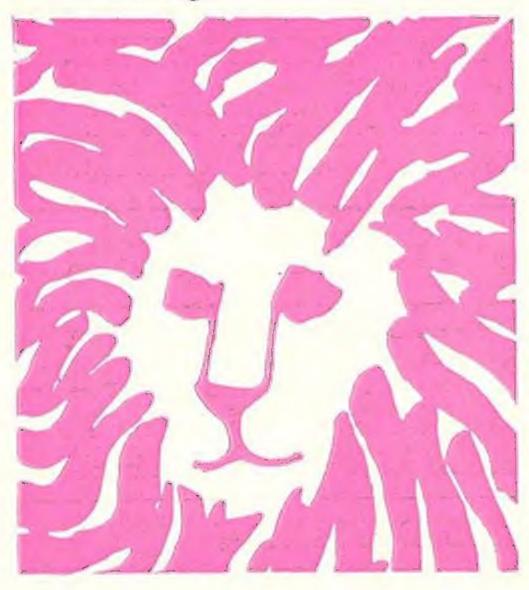
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The Shrimp

(Continued from page 55)

Jean Shrimpton is in love. It shows in everything she does; her love underlies her life and is changing her as much as she is changing him. She trusts him completely and she finds it a remarkable luxury.

My world has become much bigger recently. Bigger in terms of experience, in my value of things; I have found out so much more; and the more you find the more you want, and then the more you develop.

I'm optimistic—not as a principle but because I have reasons. And I'm constructive. I've got such a good lot in life that I don't think I should give in to depression. If I'm depressed, I have such a lot going for me. I'm lucky, really.

Happiness—so much is the illumination of memory. The thought of being happy makes me happy; my anticipations are always happy—happier usually than the event. And things I don't even really like make me happy, like Sunday mornings with all the newspapers, English ones, New York ones, piled up around me on a Sunday morning and the house coming to life.

Some films make me happy, some films I really love: The Two of Us and Jules et Jim.

I think the reason I appeal to people, or why women think they would like to look like me, is that I cut across the classes, appeal to every level. I have an attainable, acceptable, classless type of beauty, not too remote, not too grand. I'm like people.

I remember when I started modelling I was fascinated by clothes and makeup. I used to be thrilled by seeing me in photographs. But the novelty has gone; remember, I have been modelling for over eight years. And now, well . . . I wear blusher in the winter because I need the colour, and wash my face with soap and water, and use a moisturizing cream of almond oil that I have made up for me. I think you should wear what you like and what you look good in-when I was eighteen, I wore a black sweater with a round neck, a black pleated skirt and

black stockings. I loved this. I loved it then and wore it then, wear it now and will wear it always. It's not fashionable or unfashionable. The only things that change with it are the length of the skirt and the shape of the shoes.

Physical beauty has so little to do with fascination and lasting interest. At first you may be stunned by it, but once you get used to it, are familiar with it, you ask for something moreyou ask for interest. If, when I'm older, I haven't anything better to do than to worry about my looks, I will have failed. I'll hopefully have children by then and more important things to think about.

I lead my life according to my own standards and my idea thing that makes me uncomfortable and unhappy.

I value myself and my life, my thoughts, my friends. I value what I do and how I treat people. I don't in general care what people think of me, but I care what my friends think of me.... I think what I admire most in people is constructive honesty.

It's lovely when there is a head-on collision of minds, when minds clash; but it rarely happens, and when it does, it's usually with men.

It's funny how I became a model. Ridiculous really, because it happened the way it's supposed to happen in mad dreams beginning with the corny old line of someone stopping you on the street and saying, "You ought to be in the movies." But I was so naïve I didn't know it was an old line. I was at typing school and not doing very well and was crossing Hyde Park with a bunch of friends after sandwiches and chips at a local Lyons [café] when a man in a car leaped out, followed us, and leaned over the railing to where we were disappearing into the cloakroom basement, and shouted, "Miss, Miss!" We all burst out giggling. He gave me the old line and was completely authentic. He did take me to see a film producer, who said I had a face like a horse and that was that.

I first met David Bailey at a studio. He poked a beady eye

around a screen at me and I thought, "Crumbs, what have I done wrong?" After that, modelling was my life, intensely interesting, all new. We travelled like mad, worked all the time, and we were very happy.

Bailey influenced my modelling enormously. The look was all his.

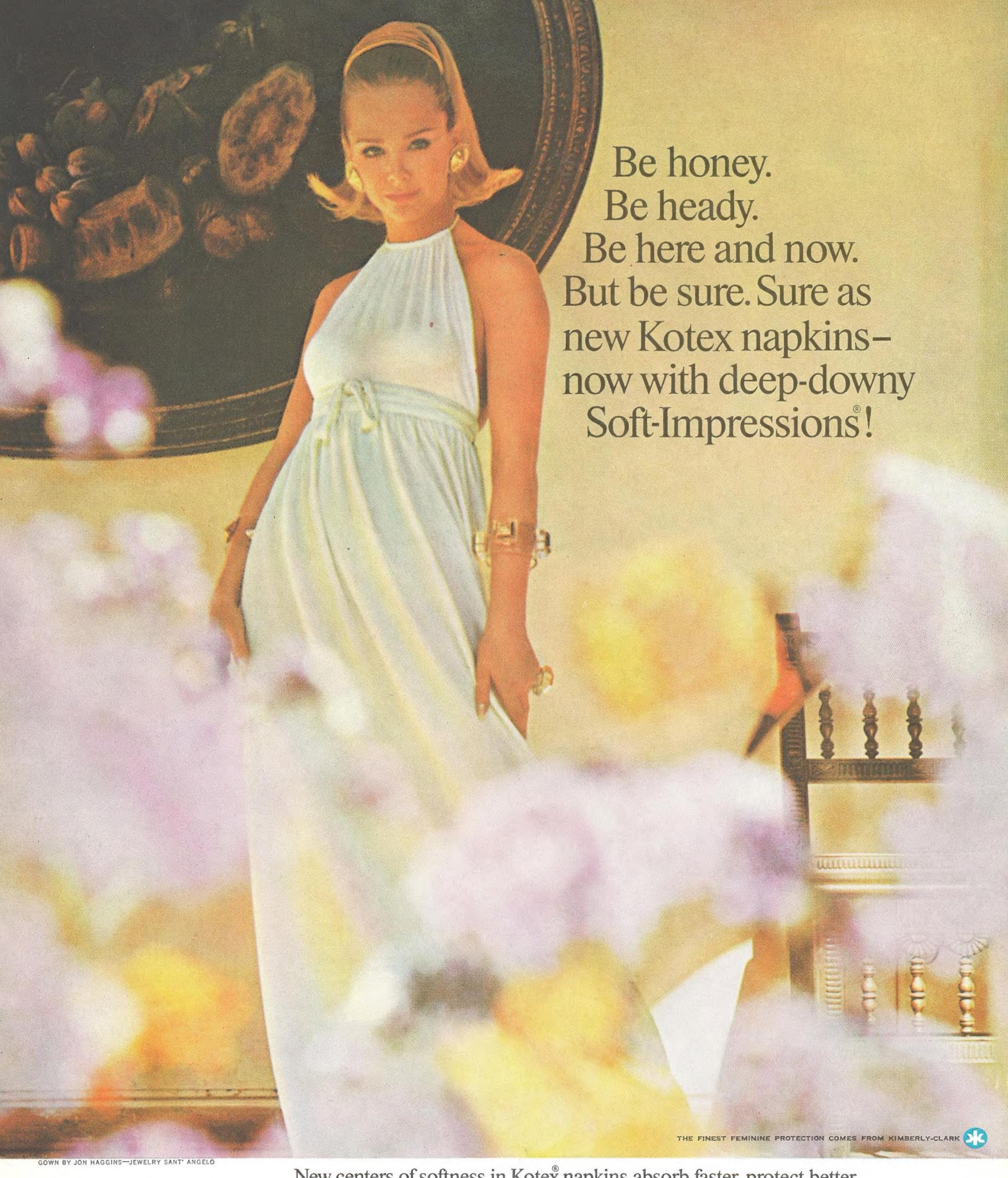
My ambitions as a model were to do the Paris Collection with Penn and Avedon. When I did them I thought: Avedon makes you look fantastic; and I asked Penn for a photograph. Childish . . . yes, and I was childish. Penn wrote on the photograph: "To dear Jean who made these collections a special pleasure." That made me so pleased, I can't tell you, more pleased than anything, and I was try to kick myself out of it. I of myself. . . . I won't do any- very touched. It seemed then so unlike the man I had been so scared of, at the beginning.

> People ask those who know her: What is Jean Shrimpton really like? They want a summed-up, concentrated picture. It isn't possible. She's like water, can't be compressed; if one did compress she'd lose her liquid, her refracted, gentle, precise quality—her drift.

> When I look at a photograph of me in Vogue, at Shrimpton the model, I feel pleased that it is a nice picture. That's all; it hasn't much to do with me, I am detached. The photograph shows a face in repose, and my face moves in so many funny ways when I talk.

I'm not really like my photographs. When I travel around the States and get off planes looking like me, people say, "She's not like her photographs." I want to say to people who are disappointed because I'm not the image they expect. "Yes, that image is me. It is me cleverly put together for my job as a model. But it isn't practical to walk around all the time looking like that, and it isn't in my character to spend that much time on myself. I'd much rather be around a gallery or go to a movie. So I may be less beautiful than my picture now, but I'm much more alive and I'll be more interesting in the future."

She likes her mother's description of her best: "A very ordinary extraordinary girl."



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